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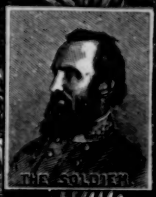
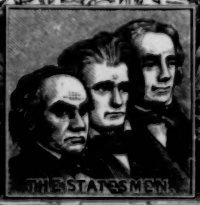
The Land we Love.



Edited by

GEN. D. H. HILL.



JANUARY, 1869.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. III. JANUARY, 1869. Vol. VI.

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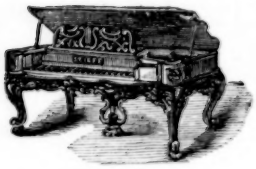
PIANOS.  PIANOS.

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THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. III. JANUARY, 1869. Vol. VI.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT DE RUSSY, LA.

WINCHESTER, VA.,
Sept. 23d, 1868.

GENERAL:—I respectfully ask for a place in your valuable periodical for this communication.

In your October number I find an interesting article entitled "The Battle of Mansfield," embracing a sketch of the Banks campaign in the Trans-Mississippi Department in 1864. On the 2nd page, speaking of the retreat of Walker's division from Simsport, commencing March 13th, 1864, the writer says: "On the day after our departure from Marksville, Fort De Russy, situated on the bank of Red River, three miles from that town, was surrendered with its garrison of 400 Texans, after a *brief and futile* resistance to a combined land and naval force of the enemy." He has, inadvertently fallen into some errors in this statement, which, as the officer commanding the Fort, my duty to those who commanded as well as those who were commanded by me, requires me to correct.

1st. As to the troops engaged in the affair, the condition of the works, the character and duration of the fight. The attacking column consisted of the army of Gen. A. J. Smith, from Vicksburg, and our garrison embraced some 200 Texan infantry and 75 artillerymen. The garrison had at one time comprised 20 companies of all arms, but the most of them were removed on the eve of the fight. The works were strong, complete and well manned with guns on the water side; but on the land side they were open and incomplete, and contained but two guns capable of service. It is unnecessary to inform your intelligent military readers that, as the commanding officer, I was in no wise responsible for the condition of the works or the position of the batteries. Their condition, however, was no doubt the result of the

want of time, arising from the sudden and unexpected movements of the enemy.

I quote an extract from a letter subsequently written by General Walker to myself. "Your conduct, and that of your men, at Fort DeRussy was admirable and deserves the highest praise." * * "It was a matter of extreme regret that I was obliged to place men in such position. The most that could be done was to make a brave defense and that I well knew you would do. My confident expectation was fully realized by yourself and brave handful."

The following is an extract from the version of the same affair contained in the New Orleans *True Delta*, the organ of General Banks:

"The battle commenced at 2 p. m., and for two hours was confined to artillery. About 4 o'clock, Gen. Smith determined to carry the works by assault, which he did after being twice repulsed; twice did the assailants nearly reach the moat, but were driven back. On the third attack they gained the parapet and Col. Byrd, commanding, surrendered unconditionally."

The New Orleans *Times* said:

"The fighting is represented as being most obstinate on both sides. Three assaults were made by our (Federal) troops, under General Smith, before the garrison surrendered. On the last assault part of the Union forces reached the parapet, and the balance were but some thirty feet away when Col. Byrd mounted the parapet and waved a white handkerchief, fastened to a bayonet, in token of surrender."

When the Fort was thus taken by assault, it was nearly dark.

2d. As to the responsibility for the defense and its object. The tenor of my orders, verbal and written, required us to defend the Post to the last, and were probably based upon a wise policy. It was projected by Lieut. General Kirby Smith upon the hypothesis that no serious effort to penetrate the Trans-Mississippi Department would be made, by the enemy, except by way of Red River, a large fleet of Iron-clads and transports accompanying the army of invasion *pari passu*. The fort was planned not with the absurd expectation of defending it permanently against powerful land and naval forces combined, but to offer at least a temporary obstacle to their progress, allowing time to save our valuable stores accumulated at the Posts above, and to effect a concentration of detached bodies of our troops separated from each other by hundreds of miles, or at least to prevent an isolated division from being cut off and captured. His sagacity was vindicated by the history of this expedition. Three strong Federal armies were thrown simultaneously upon the Department, A. J. Smith's column of 12,000 hardy veterans disembarking suddenly at Simsport and driving Walker before him, Banks with 30,000 advancing from New Iberia, and Steel with 30,000 from Little Rock, all moving upon converging lines towards Shreveport. At the commencement of this formidable and triple movement,

Gen. John G. Walker, with his Texas division of infantry, was lying near Simsport, La., General Polignac's near Trinity, La., and the cavalry of the heroic Green, scattered over Texas. It was evident that Walker was in danger of being crushed between the heavy columns of Banks and Smith, and Polignac of Smith and Steel. At that crisis any obstruction to the advance of Smith was of the last importance to Walker and Polignac, and such an obstruction was the defense of Fort DeRussy. If finished, well armed and manned, the hostile armies would, perhaps, have been whipped in detail. Notwithstanding the delay at Fort DeRussy, your correspondent, who belonged to Walker's division, says truly, "For several days after our retreat commenced, we were closely pressed by the land forces."

I have been constrained, unwillingly, to ask the publication of the details of an engagement which, in comparison with ten thousand others, sinks to unimportance; but I owe it to myself and to others to cherish whilst life lasts, the remembrance of my obscure connection with a lost but a glorious cause. Captain King and Lieut. Foggerty, of St. Martinsville, La., Lieut. Hervey, of New Orleans, Maj. Mabry, of Austin, Texas, Capt. Marold, of Washington, Texas, and Lieut. Denson, of Tyler, Texas, served gallantly among many others, under my command, on that occasion, and are familiar with the facts.

I am, General,
Very truly yours,
WM. BYRD.

THE DIAL-PLATE.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

All rusty is the iron-grate
That girds the garden desolate,
But there it stands—the old dial-plate,
A thing of antiquated date,
  Right opposite the sun:
The wild-moss and the fern have grown
Upon its quaint, old-fashioned stone,
And earthy mounds about it strown,
Seem each to say, in solemn tone,
  "A race is run!"

Of yore, in vernal beauty smiled
This spot of earth, so drear and wild,
And you might chance to see a child,
Up-scrambling on the grey stones piled
  Around the dial-plate;
Then, might you hear his laughter ring,
Clear as the chime of bells in spring,
When, like a pompous little king,
He strutted on that queer old thing
  In mock estate.

Long years have circled slowly round
Upon that Wheel which hath no sound,
The urchin has, in manhood, found
A beauteous maid, and they are bound
  By Hymen's silken ties:
There stand the couple—side by side—
The bridegroom and his dainty bride;
The sunbeams from the dial slide
Down into cells beneath the tide,
  Deep—as their sighs!

Comes tottering Age, with thin, white hair,
And that same youth is standing there;
But now, his head is almost bare,
And twinkles in his eye, a tear
  Fresh from his withered core;
Gone are the loved ones of his breast,
Gone to their everlasting rest,
Grim Death has robbed the old man's nest,
And they are now his mouldering guests
  For evermore.

THE HUMORS OF SYDNEY SMITH.

It is a pleasant thing at times to turn from the sunshine and oppressive glare of business, to the cool shades of such a character as Sydney Smith. A character, which, though, from an American stand-point, we may not entirely approve, we cannot but enjoy.

Happily it does not devolve upon us to sit in judgment upon his consistency as a minister of the gospel; although we are not of those who look on cheerfulness as one of the deadly sins.

His good works live after him in many ameliorations of the condition of the poor, and the relief of the Catholics from some disgraceful disabilities; and his genial humor has given pleasure to thousands, and but little pain to any. "You have been laughing at me constantly for the last seven years," said Lord Dudley, when Mr. Smith went to take leave of his Lordship, on quitting London for Yorkshire, "and yet, in all that time, you have never said a thing I wished unsaid."

It was this Lord Dudley, whom he thought the most absent man he had ever met, of whom he relates the following anecdote:—"One day he met me in the street and invited me to dine with myself. 'Dine with me to-day,' said he, 'dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere."

The limits of a magazine article present too small a space for a full sized portrait of a many-sided man like Sydney Smith, and we must content ourselves with some short account of him and his pleasantries.

To a heraldic compiler who pompously informed him that "he was compounding a history of the distinguished families of Somersetshire, and had called to obtain the Smith's arms;" he replied, "the Smiths never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs."—This was a jesting exaggeration, as he was of very respectable parentage. He was born at Woodford, in Essex, in the year 1771, and was the second of four brothers. All the young Smiths distinguished themselves at school. On one occasion the boys of their school, addressed a "round robin" to the master, in which they declared they would no longer contend for the college prizes, if the Smiths were competitors, as they always gained them. Sydney describes the system of education at the Dotheboys Halls, of that day, as one of abuse, neglect and vice; the food was coarse and insufficient, and he actually often suffered from hunger.

We believe there are still to be found some persons who affect to regret this old system of fagging, starving and beating in schools, but if, after the manner of Dante's Infernals, we had the assignment of the punishment of such, we should assign them to an eternity of

school-boy-hood under the tender mercies of an irritable Scotch teacher of the old school. On quitting Winchester, Sydney was sent by his father, for six months, to Mount Villiers, in Normandy, to perfect himself in French, which he ever after spoke with fluency. His next move was to New College, Oxford, where he successively became Scholar and Fellow. He escaped drunkenness, the prevailing vice of the day, either by natural taste, or the smallness of his allowance, which prevented him from entering into the dissipations of the place. Jeffrey said of the universities at that time, that they "learnt nothing at them but drinking and playing."

On leaving Oxford his own inclinations led him to the bar, but his father, on account of limited circumstances, pressed him to take the cheaper course of entering the Church. After two years as curate of Amesbury, on Salisbury Plains, he was employed by a Mr. Beach, a prominent member of his parish, as tutor of his son; this engagement was productive of important consequences to himself, and we may say to the world, for it was in the prosecution of it that he was carried to Edinburgh, where he met with that assemblage of talent then in the Northern Capital, to whom he suggested the idea of the *Edinburgh Review*.

He had early engaged himself to Miss Pylus, and in 1799 visited England for the purpose of marrying her. The sole worldly goods with which he could endow her, were six silver tea spoons; she had some fortune of her own, and the gentleman, to whose son he had been tutor, gave him £1,000 for the superintendance of the studies of his son; which, with about £500 from other sources, enabled the young housekeepers to set up their establishment. In 1803 he was prevailed upon by his wife to take his talents to the Metropolis. For years after his marriage his life was a hard struggle with poverty, until late in life he was made comparatively rich by the death of his younger brother, Courtenay, who had accumulated a large fortune in India; but through it all he stood up manfully for the principles of the Edinburgh Review, thereby destroying all hope of preferment from the ruling party. We cannot follow him through his various changes and trials, until better times, when he came to the prebendal stall at Bristol, and the living of Combe Florey in Somersetshire in the year 1829, and shortly after to a prebendal stall at St. Paul's. In the interval he became distinguished as a wit, a bold and able writer, and advocate of reform, and a popular preacher in London. His reputation was also widely extended by the celebrated "Letters of Peter Plymly" on the Catholics, and his Lectures on Moral Philosophy.

In this country Sydney Smith is known chiefly as a humorist, and with such a character has to father numberless witticisms of which he is probably guiltless; that is one of the penalties of a reputation. Nothing could be more unjust than such an impression. Macaulay speaks of him as "*a great reasoner*" as well

"as the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift." Whether he rendered himself more or less popular in this country by his bold and pungent attacks on repudiation, it is hard to say, but we cannot doubt that at this day he has the sympathy of every right thinking man. The storm raised by his petition to the Congress of the United States in 1843, cannot have been forgotten. One of the most pointed witticisms attributed to him, upon rather vague authority, refers to those days of repudiated bonds; when some young men, to express their admiration for him, said they could desire nothing more than to be like him, he is said to have replied, with certainly too much levity, "I would that you were not only almost, but altogether such as I am except these bonds," pointing to his Pennsylvania treasures. On equally loose authority, he is said to have responded, with as much levity, to a request from Landseer that he would sit to him for his portrait: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"— From the character of the man and the style of his humor, it is very doubtful, to say the least, that these were his. Many such sayings were current and attributed to him, which led persons to infer that his wit was exhibited in short and pointed repartee.— But nothing was further from the fact; that splendid humor which rendered him so charming as a companion, "consisted in a species of burlesque representation of any circumstance which occurred, the rapid invention of his humorous imagination presenting it under all manner of ridiculous lights; as these grotesque conceptions fell from his lips, he accompanied them with a loud, jovial, contagious laugh." Of course much of the charm of this species of wit evaporates with the circumstance that gives it birth. Dissociated from these circumstances the comicality is lost and the nonsense remains. Moore records that coming home with Luttrell and Smith they "were all three seized with such convulsions of cachinnation at something which Sydney said, that they were obliged to separate, and reel each one his own way with the fit."— Yet the poet failed to remember what it was when he undertook to make an entry of this "something" in his note-book. Probably as good an example of this style of wit which has been preserved is found in his exclamation when he was told that a young Scotchman was about to marry a portly widow.

"Going to marry her! going to marry her! impossible, you mean a part of her; he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case not of bigamy, but of trigamy; the neighborhood or magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her! it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her, or, perhaps, take your morning's walk round her, always provided there were frequent resting places, and you were in rude health. I was once rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half way, and

gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the riot act and disperse her; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her." "Oh! Mr. Sydney," said a young lady recovering from the general laugh, "did you make all that yourself?"

"Yes, Lucy, all myself child; all my thunder. Do you think when I am about to make a joke, I send for my neighbors Carew and Geering, or consult the clerk and church wardens upon it?"

The comparison of the House of Lords with the fabulous Mrs. Partington during the reform frenzy of 1831, might be considered as somewhat wanting in that degree of respect an Englishman is supposed to feel for that dignified body. He writes:

"I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon the town, the flood rose to an incredible height—the flood rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mops and pattens, trundling her mops, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic ocean. The Atlantic was roused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up, but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen be at your ease—be quiet, be steady; you will beat Mrs. Partington."

The conversation of Sydney Smith abounded with brilliant sallies, some fragments of which we shall make no apology for "stringing" together without comment, or much regard to the order of their going, as our object is simply to furnish the reader with a little amusement. Some one in his presence asked if the Bishop of ——— was going to marry. "Perhaps he may," said Sydney; "Yet, how can a Bishop marry? how can he flirt? the most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry after service.'"

An argument arose, in which he observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person, and after naming several among the ancients, he added; "why, look there at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend ———, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with;—his intellect is improperly exposed."

"You will generally see" said he "in human life the round man and the angular man planted in the wrong hole; but the Bishop of ——— being a round man, has fallen into a triangular hole, and is far better off than many triangular men who have fallen into round holes" and "It requires" he used to say "a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather that inferior variety of that electric

talent, which prevails occasionally in the North, and which, under the name of WUT, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically; I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, 'what you say, my Lord, is very true of love in the *aibstract*, but'—here the fiddlers began to fiddle furiously, and the rest was lost." Jeffrey was exceedingly bored by an acquaintance of theirs, whose *hobby* was the North Pole, losing all patience on one occasion with his friend, he irritably exclaimed d—n the North Pole; filled with indignation at Jeffrey he complained to Sydney. "Oh, my dear fellow," said he, "never mind, no one can mind what Jeffrey says, you know; he is a privileged person, he respects nothing; why, you will scarcely believe it, but it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the equator."

"Yes," said he on one occasion, "you find people ready enough to do the good Samaritan without the oil and two pence."

"An American said to me 'You are so funny, Mr. Smith! do you know you remind me of our great joker, Dr. Chamber-layne?' 'I am much honored,' I replied, 'but I was not aware you had such a functionary in the United States."

Daniel Webster struck him "much like a steam engine in trowsers." "Nothing amuses me more," he said, "than to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. Mrs. Jackson called the other day, and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week: 'heat, ma'am,' I said, 'it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.' 'Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, sir! Oh, Mr. Smith! how *could* you do that?' she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. 'Nothing more easy, ma'am; come and see me next time.' But she ordered her carriage and evidently thought it a very unorthodox proceeding.

Of Macaulay he said: "Oh, yes! we both talk a good deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, poor Macaulay, he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that;" but he admitted that Macaulay some times had "flashes of silence, that made his conversation perfectly delightful:" he spoke of his memory as "a tremendous machine of colloquial oppression." The following is told by him of Lord Ellenborough.

"A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech, and began: 'My Lord, my unfortunate client— My Lord, my unfortunate client— My Lord,' 'Go on, sir, go on,' said Lord Ellenborough, 'as far as you have proceeded hitherto, the Court is entirely with you.' This was, perhaps, irresistible; but yet; how wicked! how cruel! it deserves a thousand years of punishment at least."

On one occasion Mr. Jeffrey visited him, at Heslington, when he found the children playing with a donkey in the garden: engaging in the sport he mounted the little animal and was thus met by Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Murray and Mr. Homer returning from a walk. Mr. S. delighted with the scene and the visit of his friend, met him with outstretched hands, and the following impromptu:

"Witty as Horatius Flaccus
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
Short, though not as fat as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass."

He thus amusingly expounds the old complaint of the soporific effect of a dull sermon.

"An accident which happened to a gentleman engaged in reviewing this sermon, proves in a most striking manner, the importance of this charity (referring to the Humane Society) for restoring to life persons in whom the vital power is suspended. He was discovered with Dr. Langford's discourses lying open before him, in a state of the most profound sleep; from which he could not, by any means, be awakened for a great length of time; by attention, however, to the rules prescribed by the Humane Society, flinging in the smoke of tobacco, applying hot flannels, and carefully removing the discourse itself to a great distance, the critic was restored to his disconsolate brothers."

Sir James Mackintosh introduced to him a raw Scotch cousin, an ensign in a Highland regiment; on hearing the name, he suddenly turned round and nudging Sir James, said in an audible whisper, "is that the great Sir Sudney?" "Yes, yes," said Sir James, much amused, and giving Mr. S. the hint to instantly assume the military character, he performed the part of the hero of Acre to perfection, fought all his battles over again, and showed how he had charged the Turks to the infinite delight of the young Scotchman, who was quite enchanted with the kindness and condescension of "the great Sir Sudney." After some inimitable acting on the part of both Sydney and Sir James, nothing would serve the young Highlander but setting off at 12 o'clock at night, to fetch the piper of his regiment to pipe to "the great Sir Sudney," who said he had never heard the bag-pipe. A few days after, Sir James and his cousin, walking in the streets, met Mr. S. with his wife on his arm, he introduced her as his wife, upon which the Scotch cousin said in a low voice to Sir James: "I did na ken the great Sir Sudney was married." "Why, no," said Sir James, a little embarrassed, and winking at him, "not ex-act-ly married—only an Egyptian slave he brought over with him; Fatima, you know—you understand." Mrs. S. long retained the name of Fatima.

A turn for small contrivances, many of a whimsical description, was conspicuous in his domestic arrangements. Having a sluggish horse, he fastened a small sieve at the end of the shaft, which induced the animal to quicken his speed in the hope of reaching the corn; this he called his "patent Tantalus." Every

one has heard of his "universal scratcher." "I am all for cheap luxuries, even for animals," he said: "now all animals have a passion for scratching their back-bones; they break down your gates and palings to effect this. Look! there is my universal scratcher, a sharp edged pole resting on a high and a low post, adapted to every height from a horse to a lamb.—Even the Edinburgh Reviewer can take a turn; you have no idea how popular it is; I have not had a gate broken since I put it up; I have it in all my fields." No account of his domestic arrangements would be complete without some notice of his butler, a little girl rejoicing in the descriptive appellation of Bunch, who, with the most immovable gravity, stood before him when he gave his orders, the answers to which he made her repeat verbatim to insure accuracy.

"The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and shrewdest in the world," said he, "but you can never get a direct answer from them; but I have brought Bunch to such perfection, that she never hesitates on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? she has them by heart, and repeats them every day."

"Come here Bunch," calling out to her, "come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet," and says Mrs. M. who gives this account, "Bunch, a clever, fair, squat, tidy, little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation and with a loud voice, began to repeat 'Plate snatching, gravy spilling, door-slamming, blue bottle fly-catching, and courtesy-bobbing.' 'Explain to Mrs. M. what blue bottle fly-catching is.' 'Standing with my mouth open and not attending, sir.' 'And what is courtesy-bobbing;' 'courtesying to the centre of the earth, please sir;' 'good girl, now you may go.'"

Thus he kept alive his cheerfulness amidst much pecuniary difficulty, and reasonable hope of preferment deferred; doing good to the poor, and advocating with boldness and extraordinary force, all proper measures of reform. We have attempted no portrait of Sydney Smith: that duty has been admirably done by his daughter, Lady Holland, in her Memoir of her father, published in 1855, to which we are indebted for most of the above anecdotes.

ROBERT BUCHANAN'S POEMS.

It has become the habit of critics, of late days, to pour forth Jeremiads about the decline of the poetic faculty—to assert with far-reaching prevision, that the last great Epic has probably been written, and the limit of human capacity been reached in that direction of thought. We do not mean to tilt with our reverent seigniors upon the question of the Epic: but we do take it upon ourselves to say that there has rarely been a period in English literature, richer in *lyric* poetry than the present. Thick and fast, press upon an indulgent public, the aspirants for the fadeless bay; and one claimant has scarce time or opportunity for a proper presentation of his credentials, before another, with his singing robes held daintily from trailing in the common dust, elbows him out of sight.

Even the Nestor of poetry is fain to beckon away his grave "Lucretius," and in his "golden calm," turn aside to avoid the jostling of these younger and more impatient spirits along the highways of thought. Yet we hail them as God-sends—these 'minnesingers' of an unchivalrous age, and would speed them on their way, ministers, as happily so many of them are, of the good, the beautiful and the true. We thank God for the proof their voices afford us, of the yearning towards the refinements of high culture and of the craving after fairer types of heroism than in general now walk our hard, prosaic earth.

We pass by for the present, Matthew Arnold, Robert Lytton, William Morris and George Macdonald, with their musical sisters, Jean Ingelow and Christina Rossetti—and content ourselves with opening the attractive looking volume before us—Robert Buchanan's "*Undertones*" and "*Idyls and Legends of Inverburn.*"

We take it for granted that the poet is Scotch, as his name would seem to indicate. But apart from that, no man South of the Tweed could give us the 'Norland tongue' in its native strength and crispy richness, as one who has breathed the breath of the heather as his vital air. Among these *Legends* (of which we prefer to speak first, though they have not been thus presented to the public) we would particularly instance *Willie Baird* and *Poet Andrew* as choice specimens of the domestic Idyl. There is just sufficient use made of the terse Doric dialect to give point and piquancy to the poems—with the introduction of scarce a word which the English reader would fail to understand. We envy not the eyes that could pore, unmoistened, over the old Dominie's tender story of his curly-headed, pet-pupil, who used to sit on his knee and puzzle him with curious questions.

"And with a look that made your eyes
grow dim,

Clasping his wee, white hands round
Donald's neck,
Ask 'Dominie, do doggies gang to
heaven?'"

We are tempted to quote; but the poem is such a unity—that any disintegration seems impossible. Many poems are like a mosaic pavement, out of whose cement, separate bits can be safely picked. This is a real "cairn gorm" in which there is no flaw where the pen of the critic may insert its point. "Poet Andrew" is like one of Wilkie's pictures, in its characteristic national touches, and has the delicate and fine natural pathos that so irradiates Prof. Wilson's "Lights and Shadows."

"*Undertones*" is an earlier and more ambitious effort of our poet's genius. It is wholly distinct, and of so different a character, from the Idyls, that it requires some effort to conceive them as coming from the same hand.

They are quite a successful attempt to interpret some of the familiar and most beautiful of the old Greek myths—that inexhaustible time in which the poets of all ages have delved for the golden themes of song.

There is a remarkable turning of the cultured mind back to these ancient classic sources; as witness the subjects of some of our newest singers:—Arnold's "Empedocles"–Swinburne's "Atlantis"–Morris's "Jason," and Owen Meredith's "Tales from Herodotus."

Some recent critic affirms that classical subjects are the safest and most legitimate theme for the poet of the present day—a judgment from which we beg leave to differ. While we unhesitatingly allow that the old Greeks were the truest apostles of the Beautiful that the world has ever seen, we are disposed to question the peculiar fitness of their fastidious culture for our own more muscular times. Their devotion to mere Beauty, as an *end*, had in it something enervating to their national character: it was the sheath of a seed whose gradual expansion helped on their ultimate decay. We fully agree with Mrs. Browning that the Poet should be the exponent of his own age, if that age is to be truthfully represented. When he travels back into the dim past—he ceases to reproduce truly: or if, indeed, in some measure successful—he nevertheless steeps all in the hues of his own occidental fancy. He should remember that,

—"King Arthur's self
Was commonplace to Lady Guenevere,
And Camelot to minstrels seemed as
flat—
As Regent Street to poets"—

Yet, Robert Buchanan has skillfully wrought out the fine hints conveyed by these "Undertones" of the Greek mythology, and guessed with something of a Seer's insight at the meaning wrapped within them. His "*Pan*" we would indicate as one of the most felicitous of these poems. It is quite original in its handling, and very different from Schiller's or Mrs. Browning's.

With one word more, we would commend this new Poet to the heart of the reading public.—While we feel disposed to quarrel with the little affectation of writ-

ing Olympus according to the true Greek spelling—*Olumpos*, we, nevertheless award him the praise of rare naturalness, and feel sure that nothing but delicious impressions can be evoked by a book so pure and true. M. J. P.

CROMWELL.

The Lord Protector's thump—
Perhaps the heaviest bump
Ever delivered a Rump!

He came, he saw that the Lord
Such den of thieves abhorred—
And conquered it with a word.

The Lord hath no longer need,
Nor the Land, of your guile or greed—
The awl to its lapstone! Speed

Hence! and they fled amain
And never ass-embled again
Till the late rail-splitter's reign.

Till the stars, in their courses, stop
To stare at the scum's up-crop,
At the bottom-rail on top.

But England grew from that hour,
In grandeur and grace and power,
A great Victoria flower!

With lilies and leaves that be
Cradled on every sea,
Crowned with white Liberty.

And so may the Lord dispense
To our land in the like events,
Some Cromwell with common-sense.

F. O. T.

A DREAM OR NOT A DREAM.

BY MRS. S. A. WEISS.

My friend Mark Halton and I were out for a day's shooting amid the game-abounding hills of Coverdale, in Western Virginia. I had not long known him. A few weeks sojourn at the Sulphur Springs had made us acquainted, and had drawn me so strongly towards him that I had invited him to accompany me on a sporting visit to my father's mountain farm, where we now were, enjoying the fine autumn weather, and the almost unequaled grouse and woodcock shooting of these regions.

What it was that had attracted me to Halton, I could scarcely define, even to myself. He was not a man to attract generally. Grave, reserved and retiring, he had appeared to me more fond of books and of solitary walks than of company; and perhaps it was this very circumstance that had interested me, together with a certain dreamy and philosophic vein in which he sometimes indulged. And though I was not myself of this stamp, yet we agreed excellently well together.

On this day we had risen by daylight, and a seven hours' tramp had given us sharp appetites.—About noon, therefore, we paused, and laying aside our hunting accoutrements, established ourselves on a mossy bank beside a stream which ran rippling and gurgling amid the black rocks which strewed the bottom of a deep ravine.—Here, having done ample justice to the store of cold provision which had filled our haversacks, I stretched myself on the soft mossy bed for a brief rest before resuming our sport. Halton did not lie down. He sat erect on the bank, gazing with a strange, abstracted air, first on the noisy stream, then up at the almost perpendicular precipices on either side over head, and again around him, like a person seeking for some particular object.

"A romantic spot this," I remarked, half drowzily.

"Yes—a Salvator Rosa picture." Then he added slowly—"I don't know how it is, but the spot, or something about it, seems strangely familiar to me."

"I have sometimes had such fancies—mysterious impressions for which I could never account. Often I have come suddenly upon some scene or object which I felt as though I had seen before, as in a dream."

He turned to me with a sudden, pleased interest in his eyes.

"It is so with me. Dreams? Every thing not fully manifest to the senses, goes by the name of dreams or fancies now-a-days.—Perhaps the ancients, whom we

call superstitious, were wiser than we. I have more than once found these *dreams* of mine come strangely true."

"About this spot," I remarked, "do you know that it has an evil repute? A most melancholy accident occurred here some four years since. A young man in the prime of youth, strength and manly beauty—Louis Harwood by name—fell from a rude bridge which at that time spanned the gorge above, and was dashed to pieces on these rocks."

Halton had started at my mention of the name.

"Louis Harwood! Is it possible?" he exclaimed.

"You knew him then?"

He did not immediately answer. When he spoke it was in a low voice, and with much emotion.

"He was my chum at college—one of the truest friends of my college life. Poor Louis! He is dead, then? I have wondered often what had become of him, that I had not heard from him in six years."

Again he was silent, and this time apparently in deep reflection, with his hands pressed over his eyes. Suddenly, turning to me with a strange, earnest look in his eyes, and a slight pallor about his lips, he said—

"You say that he met his death here—on these rocks. Tell me all about it."

I told him all that I knew respecting the occurrence. How young Harwood had come into this neighborhood on a visit to an old uncle, a rich, or rather miserly land-owner, of the name of Miller, residing in a large brick house some miles from this spot. How he had fallen in love, and was engaged to marry Kate Morgan, the pretty and coquettish daughter of the country Doctor, and in returning from a visit to her, late one evening, that he had fallen from the bridge spanning this ravine and been found next morning dead; his body crushed and bruised in a shocking manner.

Halton listened, first with deep interest, and relapsed again into musing.

"Can you give me the date of this occurrence?" he inquired at length.

"It was four years since, some time during the summer—I think in August. I was here at the time for a week or two. I cannot be more definite in regard to the date."

"In August—four years ago. I thought so. On the *twenty-first of August.*"

These last words he uttered while consulting a small notebook which he had taken from his pocket.

"I thought," remarked I, "that you had not heard of Harwood's death until I mentioned it?"

"True—I have never been informed of it, but—" He checked himself, sat for some moments quite still and silent, and with a look as of one who seeks to recall some past recollection. Then turning to me, he said, in a calm, serious tone,—

"Listen to me, Chastain, and when you have heard all that I am now about to tell—and remember, every word of it is strictly true,—then, my friend,

say whether these things are really *dreams*.

"It was just four years ago, on the twenty-first of August, at seven o'clock in the evening, that I sat alone in my own room, in Charleston, South Carolina. I remember the date and the hour exactly, for I had at that moment sat down to write to my friend, Harwood, and had not gotten beyond the date, when, what I am about to relate occurred.

"As I put the last stroke to the date of my letter, I paused an instant to consider how I should commence. In that pause my thought went back to Harwood—to our room at College—and I remembered how he used to appear as he sat at the table writing his Greek exercises. The picture was very vivid—but as I gazed upon it, with my mind's eye, as it were, the scene seemed to change. It was still Harwood's face and figure, a little older than when I had last seen him, and differently clad; but instead of the bare college-dormitory, he appeared walking rapidly along a woodland-path, with a light buoyant footstep, while he hummed to himself a gay and even joyous air. Once he turned, and looked back with a half smile, inexpressibly sweet and tender; and then continued on his way, until he came to a huge trunk of a tree, fallen across a ravine—a ravine just such as this."

Here Halton looked around again upon the rocks, the trees, and up at the edge of the precipices, at the spot where I knew that of old the gorge had been spanned by a rude bridge such as he mentioned—the trunk of a huge hemlock that had been felled for the purpose.

"As he reached this narrow foot-way," my friend continued, "Harwood paused for an instant, and seemed to brace his nerves for the precarious passage. And at that very instant my eye seemed to fall upon a figure at the opposite end of the bridge—a young man, stout, tall, and with a dark and forbidding countenance, his face pale, and his lips firmly compressed, and his dark eyes fixed upon the handsome, open countenance of my friend, with an expression of evil, such as I can never forget. I do not know why I should have noticed, as I looked at him, that there was a scar on his temple.

"Harwood stepped upon the narrow bridge, and trod lightly and cautiously until he had almost gained the opposite bank; and just here, glancing up, his eye for the first time, fell upon the dark figure which stood there.

"I could see from the motion of their lips, that they spoke, yet I heard not a word. Harwood first addressed the stranger with the same open, happy look that I had observed, and was replied to with a stern and scowling countenance. Then his face changed; his look expressed surprise, haughtiness, and almost command, as he sought to step off the bridge upon the bank, and the stranger, keeping his place, opposed him. Then there were looks of defiance—a grappling of arms—a struggle—and Harwood, slowly yielding to the powerful grasp of his antagonist, was bent

over the abyss, and finally fell. Yet, in his fall, he grasped at a protruding branch of the tree-trunk which formed the bridge, and there hung, suspended over the rocky abyss, and looking up, with white face and appealing eyes to his foe, yet uttering no word.

And then—ah, then—I saw that monster, while clinging with both hands to the supporting boughs of a sapling, grind with his heel the fingers which clung so desperately to their frail support—and when they would not loose their grasp, the cruel heel was dashed into the face of the helpless man savagely—brutishly—fiendishly.—Again and again the blows fell on forehead, mouth and eyes, until blinded, bleeding and senseless, the mangled hands loosed their grasp, and the body fell, crashing through the branches below, into the rocky stream."

Here Halton paused, in great agitation.

"My God!" I cried, "it was just so that they found him—with his hands and face crushed and bruised, as though by falling upon the rocks."

"And you—they—never suspected that he was murdered?"

"Never. Why should we? It was said that he had not an enemy upon earth, and the few who knew him here both esteemed and loved him. Murdered! I should not dream of such a thing; though I confess that your dream or vision was a remarkable one."

"Then you think it was a dream only?"

"How could it have been more?"

"Then how do you account for the fact of this spot, the place where he met his death having been clearly visible in the dream? I recognized it just now as something I had seen before, though I could not then recall when or *where*, and might have regarded it as a "fancy" such as you spoke of, but for your mention of Harwood, and the train of incident thereby recalled. How, too, do you explain the circumstance of the manner of his death—that is, the fall from the bridge, having been represented in the dream, together with the exact coincidence of the time with that of his death?"

I could give no satisfactory answer. It was, as Halton said, strange—very strange. Yet *murdered*—it was improbable—impossible. Who in this neighborhood could have murdered him? or for what motive or purpose?

"What became of the girl, Miss Morgan, to whom he was engaged?" inquired Halton.

"She is now married—about a year ago—to John Stirling, also a nephew of old Miller. The old man is dead, and the young couple live on the estate, which Stirling inherited from him. You can see the house from the bank above."

"Come, then, and we will go that way, if it suits you. I should like to see the house at which poor Louis was staying when he met his death."

It was an old family mansion, built clumsily, of brick and timber, and with nothing to boast of in the way of beauty. Yet it was in perfect repair, the grounds in

excellent order, and every thing bespoke peace, plenty and prosperity. As we approached, Mrs. Stirling, who was busied among the flowers in her garden, came to the gate to speak to us. I had known her of old, the pretty, coquettish Kate Morgan—quite as pretty, if not so coquettish as some years previous, and looking very proud of the two months old baby which a negro nurse was parading up and down the gravel walk before the house; and as I stood at the gate, praising the baby, Mr. Stirling himself joined us—a portly man of perhaps thirty—smiling, hospitable and agreeable, as I had ever seen him, though ours had been but a slight acquaintance in my occasional visits to our mountain farm.

I would have accepted the invitation to enter but for Halton's very evident reluctance, so excusing ourselves, we passed on.

"That is as happy and prosperous a family as any I know," I began, as soon as we were out of ear-shot. "Stirling has married the prettiest girl, and inherited the richest estate hereabout, and—"

Halton's firm, nervous grasp on my arm checked me. Turning to him, I saw that his face was quite pale.

"Chastain," he said in a low, hoarse voice, "that man, Stirling, is the very person that I saw in my dream—the murderer of poor Harwood."

"Nonsense!"

"*It is so.* I cannot be mistaken. The only difference is that he looks somewhat older, and much better,—but the features, the form, every line and mark are those of the wretch I saw in my dream. I told you that he had a scar on his temple—I noticed it just now."

Yes. I remembered that in Stirling's face, just above the temple, was a white scar—not very conspicuous—the result of some accident in boyhood.

"But Halton, Stirling and Harwood were cousins—rather distant, it is true, but always on the most friendly, mutual terms. No one mourned poor Harwood's sad end more than did Stirling. He seemed quite overwhelmed by the blow, and it is said, was melancholy for months afterward, visiting no where, except at Dr. Morgan's, where Harwood had been so intimate."

"And he has married the doctor's daughter. Was he in love with her before Harwood's death?"

"I believe he was. There was, in fact, some report that Kate had jilted him for sake of his handsomer and more agreeable cousin."

"So!" returned Halton, significantly—'that accounts for the hatred expressed in his look.'"

"It was said also," I continued, musingly—"that old Mr. Miller, whose nearest relations these young men were, had designed dividing his property between them. Stirling upon his cousin's death, came in for the whole of it."

"Say no more," said Halton. "This man, Stirling, is undoubtedly, the murderer of Louis Harwood."

Slowly the conviction was now

dawning upon my own mind. I had just been speaking, face to face, with the murderer of Louis Harwood. I remembered having heard, that since the night of his death, John Stirling had even manifested the greatest abhorrence of the spot where it had occurred; had been accustomed to go round, three miles out of his way, rather than cross that bridge, and had finally, just before his marriage, ordered that the old hemlock trunk should be removed, which had been done."

"Halton," said I—"will you denounce this man as the murderer?"

"Certainly not. What good would it do? What proof or reason have we to offer except a dream—a mere dream?"

"And yet are you sure that it *was* a dream?"

"That is the question, my friend. Are these things dreams, or are they not?"

Can any of the readers of this true story reply to this question?

THE VALUE OF TREES.

ONE of the most striking evidences of the fall of man is shown in his *stupidity*. When we see a stout wood-cutter driving the keen edge of his murderous axe into the heart of a fine chestnut, walnut, oak, or shell-bark hickory, we feel fully ready to agree with the wise man who said: "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar, among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." In his stupid folly he destroys, in an hour, a magnificently beautiful and beneficent work of God, which it has taken ages to produce, and which it will take ages again to reproduce. That same gleaming axe, with its strong oaken handle, is Pandora's box of evils. It lets loose the malaria and miasma, whose poisons were formerly imprisoned, like the afrite of the Arabian Nights, in the delicate, glossy leaves, which are now brought down, from their high estate, to wither in the dust. And there is no wise Fisherman, whose cunning can cheat the evil genie back into the prison house, for the fairy prison house is destroyed.—That same gleaming axe which sparkles in the morning's sun, and whose ring sounds cheerfully in the frosty morning air, brings terrible freshets and inundations, as well as droughts, sterility and general desolation. It blights and winter-kills our crops of grain, it dries up our streams, it intensifies the heat of our summers, and gives a sharper sting to the keen blasts of our winters. "The destruction of the grand pine forests which once clothed the Apennines, has rendered the Papal States a region of poverty, disease

and wretchedness. In Greece, the traveler looks in vain for the old legendary fountains, rivers and lakes, with which classic poets had made him familiar; the water-nymphs have vanished along with their sorrowing sisters, the Dryads." The classic lives of these wood-nymphs, which found a home in every tree, went out under the merrily ringing, merrily gleaming axe of the wantonly babarous woodman, and the lives of the water-nymphs, depending upon the lives of the wood-nymphs, fled with them. Oh, Greece, saddest record of a glorious past, how much of thy glory departed with the Naiads and Dryads.

Having now brought these very grave charges against this popular and highly esteemed pioneer of civilization, the woodman's axe, we proceed to substantiate them, as best we may. First, in destroying trees, it destroys health. The leaves of trees are so constructed by our All-wise Creator as to be constantly engaged in giving out life-giving oxygen, in exchange for life-destroying carbonic acid gas. The health of London has been improved incalculably by the parks established in modern times, and which now act as lungs to this great throbbing mass of conglomerate life.—It has been estimated that over 600,000,000 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas are expired by the population of London every day, and if it were possible to press this poisonous gas down upon the streets, it would fill them to a dept of eight or nine feet, in which no living thing could breathe. Leaves act mechanically as well as chemically in purifying the atmosphere. It is found to be certain death to live near malarious swamps, unless the exhalations from them are purified by passing through a screen of trees. This is proven to be a fact by many sad experiments, costing a multitude of human lives. Says a writer in *Once a Week:* "Local histories show this most remarkably. Old plagues, such as the sweating sickness in the 15th and previous centuries, were most recurrent and destructive in towns and villages near such tracts. In investigating the history of a town in the midlands the writer had this fact forced upon him by the most irresistible evidence."—The French, whose learned men are entitled to all honor for the zeal with which they pursue scientific investigations, have recently made some important discoveries with regard to the effects of light on vegetable, as compared with animal life. The researches of MM. Gratiolet, Cloëz & Cailetet have proven that leaves act as analyzers of white light, and reject the green rays. If plants were exposed to green illumination only, it would be tantamount to their being in the dark. But this kind of light, which the vegetable kingdom refuses, is precisely that which is coveted by the animal kingdom. From this principle, so fully established by experiment, M. Dubrunfant passes to its practical application to domestic life. All kinds of red should be banished from our furniture, except curtains. Green should predominate in all our other furniture, while its comple-

mentary color, red, should be used for our clothing, as well as curtains. Clothes, in point of fact, play the part of screens. (See New Eclectic, vol. 2, page 234.)

The next stupid folly and wickedness of which we accuse the woodman's axe, is the production of freshets and destructive inundations. We have yet before our eyes the terrible loss of property, and sadder still, of life also, occasioned by the late freshet on all that region of country lying between the Northern Central and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads.—The older inhabitants of Maryland remember three destructive freshets, over the same area of country, and gradually increasing in intensity. The first occurred in the beginning of the present century, the second in 1837, and the last and worst, this present year. The land lying between these railroads is a rolling plateau with precipitous sides. So long as this land was covered with forest trees, the water, even in the heaviest rains, was detained by the spongy vegetable matter—half decayed leaves, mosses and grasses of the soil—and thus its passage to the streams made slow and safe. But now, the water not only rushes, without impediment, over the bare earth, but carries what little fertile soil that remains with it, in its swift, destroying sweep. And the fair city of Baltimore and the adjacent country now rue the day when they tolerated the woodman's axe which has wrought them all this evil. This is but one of many instances which may be cited as illustrations of the fact that the destruction of trees produces floods. "Whole districts have been laid waste in France and Italy, by these inundations, and the proof of their being caused by the clearing away the woods on the hills, is seen in the gradual immunity secured when those heights have been replanted."—As a period of over thirty years has elapsed between the freshets in Maryland, it would be the part of wisdom to plant trees at once upon their denuded heights—in another thirty years they would have a forest. When the balance in the healthful harmony of nature is destroyed, we have first one extreme and then another. Like the ague, which follows in the wake of the woodman's axe, and, with remorseless cruelty, throws its poor victim, first into a chill, and then into a fever; so Nature, under the reign of the same woodman's axe, first deluges the earth with water and then parches it with drought. Spain was once, like Greece, a land of heavenly beauty. "Sir J. F. W. Herschel attributes its present aridity and consequent sterility to the absence of trees. Reutzch attributes the decline of the country after Philip II. to the same cause, coupled with financial embarrassments." In the day of the Spaniard's pride and power, they destroyed whole forests to build ships. The ships have gone down in storms, or rotted upon the seas and in her ports, but the noble forests have not returned to woo the clouds of heaven to send their life-giving showers. Macmillan says "the fringed forests catch and condense the passing clouds. The pine,"

he adds, "is earth's divining rod, that discovers water in the thirsty desert—the rod of Moses that smites the barren rock and causes the living fountain to gush forth." Marsh estimates that a wood, twenty yards high, will affect the moisture and temperature of a belt of land two or three hundred yards in width. "A lesser height, crowned with trees, is much more potent than a loftier but barren one, in inducing moisture, in retaining mists and in sheltering from chilling winds. The writer has seen this constantly. The lower height has been involved in a cloud, while the loftier one has been clear and unclouded." Palestine, as well as Spain and Greece, has become a parched and barren land on account of the deforesting of its mountains and hills. Not only do trees attract the moisture of the clouds, and thus produce rain, but the annual deposit of leaves creates a receptacle for preserving the moisture after rains have fallen, and gives it out as required by the surrounding air, streams and vegetation. The Chinese sages say "the mightiest rivers are cradled in the leaves of the pine." The streams of our divinely endowed country are fast losing their cradles, like those of Greece, Spain, Italy and Syria.—When the wood-nymphs are destroyed, the loving water-nymphs follow, and the angry water-wraith comes in their stead.—"Streams like the Cuyahoga, could once carry large vessels, and now only a skiff can pass along them. The Tuscarawas is another example. Many a boat," says the poet Bryant, "of fifty tons burden has been built and loaded on it at New Portage, and sailed to New Orleans without breaking bulk. Now the river at New Portage scarcely supplies water enough for the canal." The Jordan, described in the Mosaic books as a formidable river, is now a trifling stream.

The woodman's axe causes sterility in more ways than that of merely producing aridity of atmosphere. Leaves enrich the soil, particularly the leaves of certain trees. Blue grass in our climate, is a sure indication of good soil. Plant a grove of walnuts and honey locusts, and the blue grass creeps lovingly around their roots, and no one can imagine where the seed came from, or how its soft verdure originated. Yet it is there, and the chequered shade and sunlight play upon it through the leafy canopy overhead, and children gambol upon it as they gather the walnuts and locusts. In California the grain grows taller and heavier under the oaks than any where else.

The destruction of trees causes rust or blight in our grain crops. J. J. Thomas, a well known agricultural writer of this country, says, that in 1840 the rust destroyed a large portion of the wheat crop in Northern Indiana. "In every instance, however, where the crop was sheltered by woodlands, it was least injured. An extensive farmer, of Ontario, New York, informed me some years ago, that out of two hundred acres of a promising wheat crop, all was completely destroyed, except those portions sheltered by

woodlands." "The farmer's grain is often prostrated by winds that never reached his fields until the protecting forests were destroyed. Fruit growers are seeking for the best means of shelter for their orchards, and a remedy for that dry atmosphere which sweeps through their gardens, shrivelling up their finest specimens and checking, if not annihilating, their ardor for fruit-growing." Trees protect both grain and fruit.

The next evil which escapes from this Pandora's box is felt in the intense heat of our summers, and cold of our winters. Trees break piercing winds and greatly moderate their severity. "On the Norwegian hills, the pines wage successful war with the bitter winds of the North Pole, and in their sheltered rear, the fruits of a milder clime ripen, and the toils of a happier land are carried on."

Coming southward we see "against the fierce storms of the Bay of Biscay, the pines of the Landes offer an efficient barrier; and meadows and pastures, forming the support of an industrious peasantry, where sand-dunes once filled the air with the choking clouds, and spread desolation over the fair horizon." (Macmillan.)

The late spring frosts which have become so disastrous to our fruit crops, are attributed to the want of trees. "The lumbermen of Canada can bear severe weather much more easily than those who work in the open fields, and railway engineers and firemen have observed in America, that they can keep up steam more readily in passing through woods than in open ground, and that the steam-guage falls immediately the engine is clear of the shelter. This cannot be due wholly to the prevention of a current, because a train makes a current of its own."

That the destruction of trees intensifies the heat of summer, is felt to be the experience of every one who has passed along a treeless highway, or occupied a country house in the month of August, unsheltered by trees.

The value of trees in producing paying crops has been much overlooked. Orchard trees have been known to produce, at the South, fruit to the amount of fourteen hundred dollars per acre. (See *Southern Cultivator's* Report of Warren county Agricultural Society, 1859.) The English Walnut, which grows well here, will produce, when fully matured, a thousand pounds of nuts. As the trees are large, requiring as much room as any other fine park tree, say an average distance of sixty feet from tree to tree, we may not count on more than twelve trees per acre. But twelve trees producing, in the aggregate, twelve thousand pounds of nuts, would, if retailed at the Charlotte price of 40 cents per pound, bring nearly five thousand dollars. But the farmer will most probably sell at the wholesale price, 20 cents per pound, and realize *only* two thousand four hundred dollars per acre! There is only one drawback to this bright prospect, and that is, he who plants the trees, plants for his children and grand-children, and not for himself. The tree will

bear in ten years, but it requires thirty to bring it to full maturity. Our common black walnut used to sell in Charleston, S. C., before the war, at a dollar per bushel. Chestnuts and pecans are still more valuable. The latter are said to bring a higher price in the markets of Europe than any other nut; sometimes it sells in New York at 80 cents per quart.—It matures its fruit perfectly, as far North as Washington city. If the early settlers had spared, from the wood-man's axe, every walnut, chestnut, shell-bark or other fine hickory, what a scene of beauty our present desolate, impoverished land would present. Goths and Vandals that they were, they paid no heed to the divine command: "Only the trees that thou knowest that they be not trees for meat, thou shalt destroy and cut down." (Deut. 20. 20.) And of trees for meat it is said, "for thou mayst eat of them; and thou shalt not cut them down, *for the tree of the field is man's life.*" (Deut. 20. 19.)

The value of nuts as an article of food, has also been greatly overlooked. There is no other vegetable production which contains so large an amount of strength-producing nutriment.—We cannot help inclining a little to the popular belief, that diet has some influence on character. The Persians use nuts largely as an article of food. They also extract from them a fine limpid oil, which enters into their cookery as lard and butter do into ours.

In the famed province of Cashmere, about 1,150,000 walnut kernels, (divested of the shell, which counts largely in weight) are annually consigned to the oil press. These nut-eaters of Cashmere and Persia, are far superior, physically, to the rice-eaters of India and China. Although Cashmere now belongs to India, the people, in race, religion and literature, are more nearly allied to the Persians. They have, in common, tall, gracefully proportioned figures, remarkably handsome features, dark bright eyes, and in natural strength of intellect, no people surpass them. Nothing but a pure religion and good system of education are necessary to make the people of Persia and Cashmere the finest people in the world. They are both, lands of genuine poesy and song.

"Who hath not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottoes and fountains as clear,
As the love-lighted eyes that hang o'er the wave?"

Landscape gardening has been always regarded as one of those costly pursuits, only to be indulged in by the wealthy. But we have seen that those very trees deemed most precious by the park and pleasure ground owner, are those which yield the most valuable crops. The aristocratic landowners of England, prize beyond all other possessions, their fine old hereditary park trees. Money can build palaces, but it cannot build a park tree. It may buy rare old pictures, and faultless statues, but it cannot buy century numbering chestnuts like those at Tortworth, Gloucester, and Mars-

ham, Norfolk. An old peer, who counts his ancestors back to the Conqueror, in looking at the magnificent house and grounds of a recently enobled millionaire, will say, "Very grand; but the young trees show the new man. A new man may buy a forest, but he can't get park trees." And this high estimate of park trees is not an extravagant one. They are little bits of Eden left upon this sin-defaced and sin-deformed earth. The landscape gardener is as true an artist as the painter and sculptor. One of our most gifted poets placed him above either. Poetry finds on earth four great forms of expression—on the page of the writer, on the canvass of the painter, in the marble of the sculptor, and grandest and truest of all, in the creations of the landscape gardener. The pleasure given us by the bright fancies of the poet is entirely the pleasure of imagination. A beautiful picture or a beautiful statue is comparatively a small object, and from it the eye necessarily turns to something incongruous, but a landscape, formed by a true artist, out of the grandly beautiful materials God has placed in his hands, envelopes you with its beauty, and fills to repletion every sense with enjoyment. The eye takes in the emerald turf, the overhanging boughs, the masses of wood showing all the beauty of their varied foliage in the foreground, and growing blue and hazy in the distance, cloud-mirroring water, and the bright hues of buds and flowers. Art makes every object harmonize with its surroundings. Then the ear takes in the soft rustle of the leaves, the ripple of the brook, or the murmur of the sea, and the song of birds and the hum of bees. The sense of feeling finds luxurious enjoyment in the pure and balmy air. Therefore no form of poetical expression is equal to that of a gifted landscape gardener who has "the fairest field for the display of imagination in the endless combining of forms of novel beauty."

But to leave the poet and return to the more practical business of the agriculturalist. Trees are worth cultivating for their timber alone. Fuller, in that most interesting little work, the Forest Tree Culturist, says: "In all of our large cities, anxious inquiries are made for that indispensable article, lumber. For houses, ships and other innumerable uses, it is always in demand. Trees suitable for piles now command from twenty to thirty dollars each. One of my neighbors recently sold one hundred trees for three thousand dollars. Firewood, on the lines of our great railroads, miles away from our great cities, sells for seven or eight dollars a cord; and if the demand continues to increase, soon it cannot be had for double that amount. The demand increases although coal and iron are persistent competitors; but the supply of wood decreases more rapidly. There is no reason why the supply should give out: there is land enough that lies uncultivated, within reach of our great cities, that might be made to grow forests of good timber, that

would return to their owners a large profit on the investment.—Thousands of men are toiling this day to lay up wealth for their children, when, if they would invest a small amount in land, and then plant a few acres in our best forest trees, their money would grow into a fortune by the time their children had grown into manhood. Suppose we take hickory, which is always in demand for hoop-poles, and when it becomes larger, for other purposes. The nuts may be planted in rows four feet apart, and one foot apart in the row; this will give 10,890 to the acre. At this distance, they can remain until they are 6 to 8 feet high. They would reach this size in from five to eight years, according to the soil and the care they receive. Then they should be thinned, taking out every alternate tree. We, therefore, take out 5,447 trees suitable for hoop-poles. Four cents each in New York would be a low price, and this would give $217,80 per acre. The next thinning will again take half of the trees, which half will now number 2,722, one quarter of the original number; but the trees being larger will now bring ten cents apiece, or $272,20 for the second crop. At each successive thinning the trees will be larger and bring an increased price; and still the stock will not be exhausted, for those first cut off have been producing sprouts which have grown more rapidly than the originals; consequently we have a perpetual crop which requires no cultivation after the first few years. As soon as the leaves become numerous enough to shade the ground, no weeds will grow among them, and the annual crops of leaves that fall will keep the soil rich and moist." Hickory is the most valuable wood for fuel. The black walnut is the most valuable of our native woods for cabinet work. It is richly colored, finely grained, takes a high polish, and a comparatively small tree will furnish lumber enough to bring a hundred dollars, in New York. In good soil it grows rapidly, and for timber may be planted thirty feet apart. This would admit of forty-eight trees per acre, which would be worth, when large enough, four thousand eight hundred dollars. All you have to do, is to plant the seeds,—the leaves and bark being bitter, are not relished by cattle, and they will grow while you are sleeping. It is not surprising that the ancients called the walnut *Jovis glans* (*Juglans*) or Jove's nut. It is most valuable for its fruit, for its wood, for enriching the soil around it, and for its unsurpassed beauty as a park tree. Fuller says: "I have seen many farms in Southern Illinois which were mainly fenced with black walnut rails. It is probably not more than twenty years since these rails were cut, and there is little doubt, if the trees had been allowed to remain, each tree would now be worth far more than each acre of this land upon which they grew. This is but one instance among the many thousands where, to use the old adage, the goose that laid the golden egg has been killed." The maple is also very valuable for its timber; and one of the most

beautiful of the varieties for cabinet work, is the sugar maple. For beauty of form and foliage, for the production of sugar, for its value for timber and fuel, it is full of golden eggs. So let us engage, heart and hand, in endeavoring to repair the ravages of the woodman's axe. With patient labor, we can make our new forests far more beautiful and valuable than the old. Where our fruitless pines crowned our hills, let us plant the Swiss and Italian stone pines, and Araucarias and Salisburias, all of which bear edible fruit. Let us fill our impoverished fields with chestnuts, pecans, shellbarks, walnuts, filberts, mulberries, (red and black,) honey locusts, chinquapins, persimmons and the sweet acorned oaks of Europe. They not only produce food for man and beast, but they furnish the most valuable timber for every purpose, they enrich the soil, as well as their owners, and they make our country an Eden of beauty. They fill our streams, purify the atmosphere, protect from disease and accident our grain and fruit crops, they bring the blessing which God's obedient children may expect.

A REVIEW ON JAMES ISLAND.

SKETCH NO. 2.

ONE glorious winter morning of February, a message shortened our morning slumbers. "General Beauregard's compliments, and if the ladies would like to see the review on James Island, his ambulance will call for them at ten o'clock." The ladies had danced something of a German the night before, and had found the shells interfere somewhat with their dreams, but at this call, all weariness vanished, and toilets began to progress, while waiters of coffee visited the more delicate, and merry bursts of laughter from the dining-room gave token that the stronger belles were recapitulating the evening's fun with the young soldiers off duty for the time.

At the appointed hour, four ladies escorted by a captain of the Staff, entered the General's famous ambulance, and drawn by the well-known greys, set off on the sandy drive to "Jim Island."—We overtook the General and Staff, just at the long bridge, and contemplated with amused interest the gallant cavalcade before us, terminating in the athletic back of Aaron Jones of pugilistic

fame, occasionally stopped by a galloping messenger from Headquarters, when the General had to dismount and write orders, and once to dispatch back a discomfited lieutenant. They soon left us, though, to inspect some battery off the road, and we crossed alone the bridge over the creek, where our men so mysteriously "lost" their prisoners some two months later. It was not very cheering to drive through the ruined settlements, and lament over the cut-down groves, and devastated gardens. Small respect had our soldiers shown for other people's houses, and the land was desolate. The unscrupulous fellows grinned us a merry welcome as we passed their posts, however, and evidently enjoyed the sight of prettily-dressed ladies. Of course they could not resist teasing us by remarkable information as to the whereabouts of the review, and kind assurances of being too late, etc.

We finally reached a cluster of shanties on a creek, and an open "old-field." The field was the ground for the review, the shanties, Headquarters, and soon various aids rode out to greet us, and advise our location. This we chose outside the fence, to the right of Gen. Taliaferro's house, and were directly facing the long line of 5,000 troops drawn up across the field. We did not long await the emerging of Beauregard, accompanied by the other generals and their respective staffs, and a beautiful sight, under our glorious sky, was the glittering groups of horsemen, slowly pacing down before the line of soldiers, saluted by flag and weapon, then rapidly cantering back behind them to circle round, and stationing by the flag planted near us, to await the filing past of the little army. First came the light batteries, and we saw guns captured on the fields of Virginia. If the horses *did* stall occasionally, at precisely the wrong moment, it only gave us time to discriminate between the howitzers and napoleons, which pleased us infinitely. Presently our hearts beat quicker as we noticed the different tread of an approaching brigade, and our escort, turning to us, said, "look! these are Colquit's brigade from Lee's army. Notice their battle-flags." We did notice—seventeen names marked their service, and that day had Beauregard said to them:

"You should have Gregg and Wagner on your flags, but there is no room for more names!"

Those flags grew dim before our eyes, and we felt like rising to wave a reverential salute to their blood-stained glories. All passed by, and were formed into skirmish-line, we following in our ambulance to gain a near view, when out from the group around the Generals—rode a young aid bringing a lovely bouquet to one of our girls. He stayed a little while, giving us information as to the manœuvres which materially increased our enjoyment, and regretfully we saw him gallop hastily back to his post. Oh! sad recollections, inextricably mingled with all those days! Not two months later, that light figure lay stiff and cold, in Florida, and the merry laugh was hushed forever!

Skirmishing over, the line ranged back, came an enquiry, "would the ladies like to see the 'pas de charge,' and hear the yell?'" Indeed we would! And soon, with a shout that set every pulse leaping like mad, up charged towards the Generals and ourselves, the heroes of Virginia and Morris Island. A sight, a sound, never to be forgotten while life lasts. As they filed off the field, we heard a grand shouting, saw a great scattering, and inquiring of the officers now surrounding the ambulance, heard the explanation—"a rabbit!"

It so chanced that we who write, had never met Beauregard, and he rode up to be introduced, with that battle-yell vibrating in our ears. As he bowed with bared head, visions of battle-scenes, his the grand leading figure, swept before us, and we fear the effect was to cause Gen. Beauregard a moment's reflective wonder, on the silent stupidity of a woman whom he had heard could talk.

Can we tell how we inspected Gen. Taliaferro's head-quarters, heard the band play waltzes for our especial delectation, adjourned to a splendid lunch in a tent, and never before or since, eat such turkey, such oysters, such corn bread? How we chattered to Gen. Taliaferro, sparred with Gen. Hagood, and admired the sad, gentle, handsome face of General Colquitt, hero of many a bloody fray? How we even exchanged jeu-de-mots with Beauregard, and interspersed all with merriest laughter at one of the aids who lunched at a remarkable structure just behind us, which he called a side-table? We have not space, we have not heart, to recapitulate it all. On our homeward drive with our escort of "Gentlemen of the South," we could not know fatigue, and for such another day of proud hopes, and night of dreams too sweet and bright, for weariness to dim, how many of the coming years would we give? We pause, and with closed eyes we see again the open field, the soldier-figure alone beneath the flag, the gallant cluster of horsemen behind him, the rushing column sweeping up to the music of their own fierce shout, and though it be over forever, and forever, we store up amidst our richest mind and heart-treasures, that picture of an "imperishable Past."

THE VALLEY MANUSCRIPT.

[*From a collection of archives known in our household by the above title, from which I have recently been making excerpts, I take the liberty of sending you the following :*]

THE Common-Place Book of me Margaret Lewis, *nee* Lynn, of Loch Lynn, Scotland, being a nest for my soul's repose in the troublous time which hath befallen.

Here nothing burthening myself with style or date, I can retreat when toil and turmoil of the day be past, speaking as into a faithful ear some of my woman's sorrow. So shall I not add to their weight who have, Heaven knows, enough of woe to bear for themselves.

Bidding farewell to the bonny loch and knowes of Lynn, though along with the gallant Huguenot I had taken for my husband, caused surely a woman's grief to my heart, nay, something like a child's I might say. It was not for the bands of retainers, the powerful clans and castle splendor I had grown up withal surrounded, but I almost cried aloud for my mother, for good Dame Darley, our blessed English tutoress, and for old Elliott, my nurse. I thought the first night I came to my husband's mother's and was set up as a lady to receive court, I should blubber like a great child. This with remembrance that at that very hour my mother was taking her cup of comfort, as she called her tea, that the children were with her in their places, and that my chair, the one which was my sainted father's, sat empty.

I stood as long as endurance was good, then stole away to a more retired apartment. There they sought, and after a time found me, sleeping in a great chair, like an overgrown baby.

I did not like to give cause of offence, but I thought then, as I have often since, of the significance of the blessed Apostles sleeping for sorrow and heaviness of heart as the Master's time drew nigh.

Well, so be it,—Loch Lynn and its rock-crowned summits and purple heather are all past by now, like as to when one goes on a journey and beareth away in memory only, impression of the landscape.

The crags to be sure had in them nothing loving, but that they grew by home, and for the blue heather, the eyes of my two boys, Andrew and William and their sweet sister, Alice, glad me more than acres of such. Poor Thomas, my oldest born! he hath a defect in his sight, but for all this he looks into his mother's heart deep down enough, leaving there, which is better than the shade of blue heather—sunshine. He is a noble lad.

We have worse trouble come

upon us now, I say, than that of a young wench leaving her mother's fire-side. My poor John is sorely belabored in soul with the grievous malice of this same Lord of Clonmithgairn.

The contentious noble hath said to the good Dean of Ulster, a few nights ago, how that my husband's lease-hold on the estates of Clonmithgairn and Dundery should be revoked at next assizes, or (and he took a vile oath!) blood should be spilt between the contenders.

My husband has amassed much means, but he does not choose, (as what man of spirit would?) to be driven to and fro in the matter of his rightful possession.

So I play with my children, and for John I have words cheery and careless-like, but faithful Nora, she sees it is not in my heart. She essays compassionate sentences and looks, for me, and I tell to her many troubles, yet it is a foe to order and household authority when the heads thereof use to confiding greatly in even the best of servants. Now, when a woman's tongue must not much wag, some corresponding member must take its place, here, then, comes in this book of mine which at one time served John Lewis for his tenantry accounts.

In this Year of Grace 1730, what things are come to pass!

Blessed Christ pardon the souls of such wicked-minded men as on the last Lord's Day would so rush to arms and blood, making havoc and murder, and sacrifice to evil passion.

I can no more, now, take this my book, my companion, to the nook of a private withdrawing room in Clonmell Castle. Drawing there the crimson dark curtains, shutting out the world and my noisy little ones, I liked that retirement where I could read, or pray, or talk to myself in writing. My home lies in ashes, but, far worse, ashes lie on my heart too.

My best beloved John is a fugitive from the Law, and for me, I cannot say why my poor sight was not blasted by what it four days since beheld.

My husband had his family around him, as is the custom when we go not to evening service, (indeed our Chaplain was at home sick in bed,) expounding for the soul's health of children and servants, texts of Holy Scripture.

Edward, poor man! begged the reading should go on in the round tower room where he lay. Months he had been ailing, yet being somewhat on the mend, then, he had come with his wife and infants to his brother's house.

Strange to say, as the passage, "are you come out as against a thief with swords and staves?" passed John's lips, a rude shouting was heard without.

On looking to the direction of the noise, we perceived the drunken Lord of Clonmithgairn leading an armed force of ruffian clans. This to eject John Lewis from his rightful domains. The envious heart could not bear the sight of his neighbor's prosperity.

Dark was the shadow upon Clonmell that evening. My husband armed himself like a man; rallied our domestics around him, and even poor, puny Edward girt

on his arms right speedily. Poor soul! he had as well not,—may be better, for he was the first victim of their ferocious raid. Ere he had come three steps one of the marauders cried out "Where will that white pigeon be going?" Then shot him through the head.

He fell, stark dead.

Then John looked like an enraged tiger, surely. He wielded right and left, when lo! first the obnoxious noble, then his favorite steward were dispatched.—Finally our men succeeded in driving off the interlopers, but some of our best were slain. More than this, a very great sorrow which we had not looked for, greeted us as the invaders dispersed, in the slain and trampled body of poor little Eubank, Edward's eldest son. He was only eight years old. How he came among them we could not tell.—His green tunic was stained with blood and tramping feet, and his white, marble face looked like a sculptured cherub, but on these nor the portly, prostrate form of his father must we stay to anger our eyes. Clonmithgairn was a man of power and weight, and we must hurry away from the scene of that brief, bloody battle.

I and my little ones abide here, (Dunraven,) with good friends, while he, my best-beloved of all, roameth I don't know where.—Servants have buried our dead long before this time, while I sit weeping tears from different fountains. Of bitterest affliction for John, dear man!—of gloom enough for Edward's double bereft widow, and the two kin couples, darkening the memory of our once house and home; tears of thankfulness that he, my life was spared,—and may sweet Christ forgive me!—tears of joy that the persecutor, the mover of this Devil's work, fell in his evil undertaking.

Last night about sun-setting, Lady Clara sang to her kitar a low, sweet song,—this upon the south balcony. My soul seemed to leave the body as I listened, as though something strange should come to pass to me or mine.

By and by she sudden stopped, and I recall myself. A white kerchief was waved slowly against the dusky park wood. News from my husband! this was to be his signal.

Lady Clara and I started off in the direction whence the sign had come, but John, poor soul! had hidden himself then, lest the sounds he heard might be other than friendly steps. I thought presently to speak aloud, though my heart was up in my mouth, so he knew the voice and came to the edge of the wood again. We three sat talking as long as we dared, and now I know my destiny and he is gone. He has been to Portugal, so he tells, but likes it not much for a living. The Virginia wilds hold out a safe asylum for our oppressed house, and thither we sail at once. The changed life we lead there is nothing to think of; safety from injustice, if we shall find it, covers all the ground.

So far seeing the way clear, the prospect darkens now with doubt and fear lest some unknown evil overtake and intercept or prevent our voyage.

That God is better than our fears is truly said. I look up at the top of my page and see what I last wrote there, in the dear land I shall never see again, and I say—Evil Heart—why can we not trust more!

Not only are we safe come hither, but John Lewis standeth clear before all the world of the death of Charles of Clonmithgairn.

My Lord Finnegal hath shown himself a good friend, and one worthy to be entrusted with the concerns of any proper man.

When the right circumstances of the affray were made known according to the written statement my husband placed in his hands, witnesses whereto were at the last found and proved. His Majesty sent full and free pardon and also generous patents, grants of land in this Eden Valley of Virginia.

John Mackey who has come all this way with us, gives good aid in erecting of our house, which I have some impatience to see done. This log cabin may do in times of peace, but should these savages change their policy of amity and good-will, it will go evil if we have not wherewithal to meet them.

It has been enough for me ever since, to hear John Salling tell at Williamsburg, when first we came to this country, how these people did ferociously entreat such as fell into their power. John Lewis was more taken with the newly-freed captive's account of the land in this part, the beauty and abundance of which has not yet been told, to say true.

The broad prairie before our door at the front looks like miles and miles of gaudy carpeting, with its verdure and flowers.

Our cow, Snow-drop, as the children call her, is fastened each day on the meadow border by a tether many a fathom long. They drive her in when required for the use of little Charles,—our New World baby—and her white feet are continually dyed red with wild strawberries.

The new settlement begins to look quite lively now, with the gardens around the cabins, the patches of grain and all. About thirty of our tenantry have clung to us through evil and through good report, and these are for the most part able and efficient workpeople. Joe. Naseby hath a neat rail to his garden ground, and some sort of ornament structure on the top of his house to entice the wild pigeons,—a cupola like.

When our grey stone dwelling is done I shall feel something like ornamentation, it may be, and for my children's sake, and especially Alice, I shall like to make things look enticing. I think people get beauty of soul with growing up among pretty things, particularly girls, but all, indeed, should have their home beautified so that they may love to stay in it or come to it as the case may be. The holy Pascal said not much of any more worth than these words: "Most of the evil of this world grows out of people's discontent to stay at home."—That is true. Now how shall they love home if home is not made lovely? Here then we have the key to our family's destiny.

I will not wait for the new

house for this. I will take Andrew, William and Alice,—Thomas has gone a hunting with his father and John Mackey,—and plant, this day, some of the prairie-roses to run beside our door and on the roof.

* * * * * *

Oroon-ah came by while the children and I set the plants by our cottage. He shook his head. "Wrong," he said, "the Great Spirit put the herbs where he want um;" and when Alice brought him a bowl of clabber he turned away in great disgust, the while uttering—"Rotten! no good!"

The child gets used to him and the other Indians better than I ever shall. She has many friends among them, as have the boys, too, and they call her a sweet name—"White Dove"—but for all that they give me the same feeling as did those painted Mountebanks of the Christmas festivities at Darley. I always am startled when one of them appears before me.

John Mackey is like many others. He is good in giving help to any outside of home. I think, on the contrary, all good offices should begin and spend their best strength there.

John Lewis prospered with his clearing, his crops and his building, and John Mackey helps him or anybody else who will hunt with him now and then, but he lays up nothing for himself, and his household might gather many comforts around, if he would act different.

My husband hath located one hundred thousand acres of good land, but when he goes out to explore and choose what is rich and the best, poor Mackey will go along to hunt buffalo.

John said to me a Thursday, "Peg,"—he always calls me Peg after dinner, yet I should say that though he gets his bowl of toddy for dinner, a more sober man is not in the Old Dominion,—said he—"Mackey has laid up not a penny since he came to the settlement."

Indeed I was very sure he had not. Well, if he lives at this gait, I suppose the Indian heaven will be good enough for him hereafter,—broad hunting grounds and plenty of deer and buffalo.

Our town of Staunton goes finely on, thanks to John Lewis' enterprise and energy. It shall descend to his posterity that he has builded the first town in the valley. It is about four miles from our place of Beverly Masson here, which some call Lewis' Fort.

Un-gee-wah-wah and his tribe we find are not friendly to us, but still, if they make farther demonstration, (they captured three of our men yesterday, who made them drunk and then got away,) we shall be able to hold our own against them.

Our fort is formed of block-houses, stockades, and the cabins. The outside walls are ten to twelve feet high. The block-houses are built at the angles of the fort and project full two feet beyond the outer walls of the cabins and stockades.

The upper stories of our houses are eighteen inches larger in dimension, every way, than the

story below, an opening being left at the commencement of the second story to prevent any lodgment of the enemy under the walls. We have port-holes in all, and the savages having no artillery, we should stand our ground if they offered assault.

Oroon-ah, or Tiger-King's son, a lad of sixteen, has crowned my Alice with a prairie rose wreath—Queen of White Doves, he calls her, and has given her a fawn which has become domestic now.

I did not like to hear Thomas say last night,—he is older than Omayah,—suppose sister Alice should grow up and marry Omayah. Youth is romantic and thinks strange thoughts. I hope she may have none such. Then I set me to thinking—the child is fourteen years old in May, and that's just two years younger than I was when I became a married woman. The reflection gave me pain, but I will think of it more. There is nothing gained by shunning the fixed truth, whatever it be. Look God's fact in the face, whether agreeable or not. It's like going up to a white object in the haunting dark, taking hold of it and proving it no ghost.

Last spring, and this is 1737 now, John Lewis, visiting the seat of Government, Williamsburg, met there with one Burden, but lately come over as agent for Lord Thomas Fairfax. John was so pleased with his company and he with the accounts of this fertile land that he must needs come back with him and explore and hunt. This was a gala time for John Mackey, but Burden was a more provident hunter than he.

My sons took, in the chase, a young buffalo calf, which the stranger much affected and it was given to him. This was toward the end of his stay, for he made a pleasant inmate of our home some several months. He took the rude animal and made it a present to the most worshipful Governor Gooch, who never having seen so comical a monster in Lower Virginia, did promptly favor the donor by entering upon his official book full authority to Benjamin Burden for locating 500,000 acres of land nigh to the James River and Shenandoah waters; this on condition he should, within ten years, settle at the least one hundred families within the limits.

The Presbyterians of North Ireland, Scotland, and adjacent portions of England do abide at home uneasily, and they will come freely to Burden's bidding, for the peopling of this new settlement.

While our friends in lower Virginia much carouse and keep up the customs of the old country, we beyond the mountains are for the most part a sober set. So much the more does our departure from our usual way of doing make a great event among us.

John Salling, one of the first explorers of this region hath his land about fifty miles off, down in the forks of the James. A young nephew living with him has seen and admired and made proposals of marriage to Joe Naseby's grand-daughter. The girl has sometime said him Nay, saying it is poor comfort one will find in a hunter's home,—so playing on the word, for her name is Comfort,—but he is a well-looking lad

enough, so turning his perseverance to some account in his favor, they have been married.

Thomas Salling brought many attendants to his wedding, all riding bare-backed, and clad in raw hide. I laughed to see the nuptial procession approach, and said to my husband,—and our chaplain,—the riders seemed to my eyes something as did the Spanish equestrians to the unsophisticated Mexicans,—as though man and horse formed all one animal.

It is a rare thing, indeed in any of the section if there be a merry-making without its attendant work. Weddings form nearly the only exception. Sometimes the settlers come together to make arrangements for mutual safety against the Indians, for we have had our own trouble with them from time to time, sometimes for reaping, building a cabin, and so on, when they will have a repast of bear's meat, buffalo-steak or venison, topping off with a dance and games.

On this wedding occasion it was an odd array of toilettes. Linsey and brocade mingled grotesquely. Some old world relics placed beside the ornaments newly picked up here, produced a mingled effect of savage life and civilization struggling one with another.

I had given to Comfort, who is a much smaller woman than I, the yellow brocade I wore the day the surveyors located the town, which was for me an unlucky day. No sooner had we set to dinner than Mr. Parks, who was one of them, growing animated in his talk, made a gesture which overset the gravy-boat upon my lap. I laughed it off right well, though my heart was ill at ease with thinking I had no French chalk to remove the soil, but then a woman early learns such lessons of self command. I forgive Mr. Parks, heartily and do not even wish, while he gives us such a racy paper,* that any one may so misplace his ink as to soil his hose or breeches. I hope the men will be going down in a few weeks, and fetch another [paper].

* * * * * *

It is a common practice now to make whiskey, an intoxicating drink, from the Indian corn, and a part of the wedding entertainment is a race for a bottle of this stuff. When the guests are approaching the house of the bride, two of the young men most intrepid in horsemanship, are singled out to run for the bottle. The victor in the race is met at the door by some one of the family who confers the prize. He hurries back to the cavalcade who are halting about a mile off, and gives first to the bridegroom then to the other company a dram, then after forming again they ride on to the destined place. Our steeple-chases are no more trials of fearlessness and good riding than these bottle-races, seeing the competitors do come through mud, mire, woods, brush, and over hill and dale.

Great mirth prevailed at Joe Naseby's, though the wedding-table was only a rude board,—

*Va. Gazette, first Published by Wm. Parks at Williamsburg, Aug. 6, 1734.

this was spread with pewter and Queensware, and covered with a substantial repast of meat and vegetables and fowls and bread. The company sat down to it as soon as the wedding ceremony was over, and there was little more ceremony of any kind.

I wished to take leave at dinner and bring Alice away. I do not like her to join in these vulgar sports, but she begged, and her father said better wait and see the end, and I felt some curiosity myself to know what rare thing would at last befall. These new world manners are making queer innovations among our people.

At dark I knew I was wanted here, so Alice agreed to come, though Thomas stayed dancing, and John Lewis went back after conveying us home. He tells me that shortly after he returned, a deputation of young girls stole the bride off and conducted her to her bed up in the loft. By and by some young men took away the bridegroom and safely deposited him there also, and late in the night refreshments of bacon, beef, and cabbage and such like things were sent up to them; and along with all this—Black Betty, which meaneth a bottle of whiskey.

By this time Burden's settlement is fast filling up. There be some of the Established Church among them, but mostly our neighbors are Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. It soundeth like the gathering of the clans to call over the M'Kees, M'Cues, M'Campbells, M'Clungs, M'Kowns, Carutherses, Stewarts, Wallaces and Lyles, together with the Browns, Prestons, Paxtons and Grigsbys with them associated.

I am led to think of them the more now by an incident which occurred here the last night.—About sun down a traveler, in hot haste, tricked out in the rough costume of the country, rode up and asked lodging. This was readily granted, together with such entertainment as we had at hand. He was an ungainly looking person, though setting his horse well.

An hour afterward other horsemen came clattering up and rushed afoul of this first stranger, who happened then to be without doors looking after his horse, for there was quite a good light from the moon.

I heard from my seat by the fireside hilarious voices, and the words "Confess! confess!" echoed in a roughly-jocose way. "We have been seeking you some days!" I then heard, and knew not what to think, but this story which the pursuers told as they came into the house, and to which the culprit did good-naturedly attest,—with somewhat of shame, too, explained all.

When Ben Burden, the younger, came to make deeds to such of the settlers as held cabin rights, the name of Mulhollin so often did appear as to be a matter of wonder to him. He set about making inquiry, and so found that Mulhollin had been a person most efficient in deeds of enterprise among them. So far it was well. Inquiry was now made for one Polly Mulhollin, who, to pay her passage from Ireland, had sold herself to James Bell, who

advanced the money for her. She served his family in all honesty, the time out, then disappeared.

Now it turns out that this same Polly Mulhollin did put on man's gear, hunting-shirt, moccasins, &c., and go into Burden's grant for the purpose of becoming a landed proprietor, and erected thirty cabins. The thing hath caused much merriment wherever known. Polly, with some chagrin and much meekness, hath gotten on woman's attire, borrowed from some one in the settlement, and will betake herself henceforth to womanly pursuits.

Our neighbors in the valley are people of most staid principles and habits and are very diligent in business. They commence their Sabbath on Saturday when the sun goes down, while I think it not a shame to have a hot turkey for my Sunday dinner.

Craig's wife was here a Sunday. One of my children was sick and she kindly came to inquire if she could aid in any way. She is a good soul, and yet like many other good people, hath charity too narrow to believe but that religion is confined to the poor and obscure; to such as herself, in other words. A handsome book of Common Prayer lay on the child's bed, I had been reading. The book was presented by our Governor Gooch, who was my father's friend, and it is handsomely clasped about with golden clasps. She sneered, saying "The thought of Governor Gooch's giving a present of a Prayer-book!" This because he lives in what seems to her much gayety and splendor, the which many who condemn, like her, would do if they could, but as they have to practice self-denial of compulsion, they think it is accorded to them for piety.

For my part, I hesitate not in affirming I have seen as much sheer vanity go along with a grogram suit as ever with ermine and velvet, and more indeed of that spirit which says "Stand aside for I am holier than thou!"

Like worm in the bud, so doth human nature early develop its unlovely aspects. To-day I bethought to go to our chamber west window and shut in the shutter, for the sun was putting the fire out. I heard our two boys, Charles and his brother Thomas' little son, Edward, discoursing beyond:

"I gave you my possum for your pile of plums"—(this fruit takes to the soil and grows abundantly since first planted,) "and now you should give me Job [so they call him] back again."

"Why so?" Charles asked, who is always reasonable, and I am glad to find, conscientious about taking any undue advantages.

"Because now I have nothing," the little rogue remarks, "neither possum nor plums."

"Nor will I have," rejoins Charles, "if you take Job back; you had my plums."

"Yes," Edward follows up, "then you had my possum, but now that I have nothing of yours, you must have nothing of mine, that is fair," he added.

Charles could not well see through the argumentation, but he will not contend with the little one, and so gave up Job.

I had two minds, then, one to inflict a grievous correction on the baby he should not soon forget, but I thought next, Satan comes to him by rightful heritage from his grandmother, and I let it pass, then resolved to watch my opportunity and bring the matter before them some day, telling his mother of the same.

There have been distractions to draw me yet awhile therefrom.—The father of Omayah has sought the father of White Dove, as he calls our sweet Alice, for his son's wife. He says that the Tiger-King's oldest-born pines to hear her voice cooing among the wild pines about his cabin. It made me tremble to hear him speak, almost as though I thought John Lewis could be persuaded thereto, and give away my tenderly reared lamb. He wished to treat it as a joke, though, and seated Alice at the spinnette, whereon I have taught her to play with some skill. "That," said he, "is all white women are good for, you don't want them,—bah!"

"Fingers fast! fingers jump quick," said Tiger-King—"gut fish!"

My husband still joked with him, which was, perhaps, the better policy, but Oroonah retired discomfited, I could see.

Thomas is a man of books, albeit his sight is defective and he makes out but poorly at hunting. His brothers are stalwart hands, though, in all matters of strength, as indeed he is too, but they have sleight of hunting, fishing, and all employments common to the country, which he, for his infirmity, hath not.

Heavenly Father give strength to bear what is come upon us now!

Last Monday was an holiday, and many of the young folks and their elders did take a repast along in their baskets and go up to see the Tower Rocks, as we call them, a few miles off. I being a stay at home body, remained with my domestic occupations, while John Lewis did take Alice, her older brothers also going along, to join in the frolic.

Omayah was there, sad and silent, and brooding as he hath been of late. He has much attached himself to our race, as seemed his father indeed also to do.

The men and maidens went strolling about, and my daughter went with the young Indian across a branch of the little stream, Lewis River, to gather Good-Luck plant, as we call it, but wo betide the luck to us and her, poor dear lost one! No doubt it was a preconcerted signal, but as the last rock stepping-stone was passed, a savage yell broke forth, a band of red men sprang from the pine woods, and they and Alice and Omayah disappeared in its thickness. Our men fired and ran, but the tangle and brush, and the deep forests, which they will never learn like the Indians, all combine to make the pursuit passing difficult.

The females of the party returned home under escort of some of the men, for there was terror stricken to the hearts of all by what had befallen, and my child's father and brothers, frantic with

rage and distress, dashed off after the artful enemy.

At nightfall, John Lewis came home alone, for he feared to leave me longer, seeing what news the returning party had brought me. I had never showed such grief before him till then,—no, not when we made that little grave on the prairie and piled the white rocks upon it. I was striding the floor as he surprised me, wringing my hands, and—may Heaven forgive me! almost reproaching the Most High that he had mocked me so to hear my prayer and raise her up from that dreadful fever, when she lay, a little one, tossing in my arms,—getting ready for flight, I thought.

He soothed me, poor man, well as he could, his own heart was nigh bursting, and the morning scarce dawned ere he set off again with more of the men to overtake the marauders. Alice's brothers have never yet, all these four days, nor the men that were with them, turned to come home.

I cannot work,—save what duty absolutely demands. I cannot talk, only here may I ooze out the suppressed stream of my sorrow; —carefully, indeed, lest it take possession of me.

I had thought Omayah above the cunning artifices of his subtle race, but they may not be trusted, as individuals or in the mass, and all my instinctive dread of them from the beginning was but a fore-runner of what I was destined to suffer at their hands. O, my Alice! White Dove indeed, in a Vulture's nest!

* * * * * *

There is terrible warfare going on between our settlers and the faithless Indians. What of my gentle child I cannot tell.

Last night our fort was assailed for the second time since this dreadful business broke out, but there was little damage done, for they have no artillery. John Lewis and his boys are still away on the search, but those left at the fort managed manfully. I could feel no fear and the wild war-cries waked no terror, for one strong feeling keepeth another at bay, and I was already possessed with dread and anguish.

Toward day, long after the savages dispersed, our men still having one eye open for them, did see, creeping on all-fours, from the wood and toward the settlement, nay, (indeed, close by my house, when it had been permitted to come so far, then Joshua Grant fired on it,) what seemed to be a stout Indian, all painted and bedizened in full war array. The creature groaned and fell, dropping its bow and arrows on the ground. There all lay till some one should run up,—William Stuart first, and the victim turns out to be Greenlee's mad sister. Some deem her mad, that is to say, some a witch. She rideth all over the country alone, at will, and talks strangely at times. Months she has been missing from Burden's grant where her brother lives, and no one could tell aught of her. She has been a captive, she says. Indeed she will be more angel in my sight than flesh and blood, if she talks not idly in the news she bears me. She can bring Alice, if I but give her a swift horse. Her wound was not deep

though some painful. I could not entreat her to stay for its better healing, but dressed it tenderly as I could and gave her our best animal and prayed her speed.

I can see Nora thinks the pony is gone for no profit. The woman does, to be sure, talk wildly of the palace under the earth where she has hidden White Dove. She knows something of her, giving proof that far in calling her by her Indian-bestowed name. That gives me hope, while I ponder again upon her disconnected harangue of silver palace-walls and pearly floors. She hath an apartment there, so she tells, where she holds communion with the dead, and their voices answer her. Her language is very good, and she commences talk with so rational and plausible an air, that you find yourself listening most intently, and rapt, indeed, then she becomes so excited that mind and tongue run riot together, and a brain of only healthy velocity cannot keep up.

I can write no more.

* * * * *

There promises to be little peace between us and these savages ever again, scarce a day now passes but chronicles some new depredation. Still they do us the justice to acknowledge the red man was the aggressor. The Great Spirit, they say, is on the side of the white man, and indeed our mode of warfare hath been destructive enough.

My husband has imported the pink clover into the country, but they will have it it is their wild white clover, which Lewis and his men have dyed red with the blood of the Indian.

My poor Alice looks infant-like and innocent with her bald head.

A threatening fever followed the excitement and terror of her stealing away by the savages, and her roses in her cheeks are scarce recovered yet.

Mary Greenlee was good as her word in bringing the lost baby to us, and for Alice, she told the strangest tale, the which, did I not have proof better, might almost make me think the child mad as Mary Greenlee. This latter was with the Indians in their assault the night before her discovery of herself to us. They had truly taken her captive, and she, the more readily to pave the way to escape when time should offer, feigned dislike of the whites, and that she had run to them of her own will. She painted her skin like them and dressed like them, but the very night they brought White Dove home a captive, her heart was stirred for her race.—She watched her opportunity, seized her pony they had captured with her, and taking the fear-distraught child behind her, set out at speed of the wind, so Alice tells, and so deftly did she manage that they were not pursued,—to be conscious of pursuit.

The witch, as some call her, betook her rescued prisoner and herself to a strange great cavern somewhere, which none have since been enabled to find trace of, then let the pony go, so the red men might follow its tracks, nor halt at her retreat, which, indeed, it is a question if it is known to them.

I tell Alice she has become daft, what with her capture and reading of the Arabian Nights, for she talks of the grand marble palace under ground, of its interminable galleries, its statues and its fountains, and withal of stars and moon peering through its roof. Now every one knows no human head would contrive anything so silly as a princely hall of this gait with any of its roof open to the sky. It must be a weird edifice, truly, and worthy the keeper who feedeth herself and chance guests on dried haws and chinquapins. But none of the Lewis name can, forevermore carp at Mary Greenlee, what she does. Blessed creature! I would walk on hands and knees to serve her, to the latest day of my life.

That day of the last siege of our fort, while Alice was lost, as she did demonstrate to us afterward, she showed more wit to give us tiding of our stolen one, than we to make good use thereof. She had shot over the wall, fastened to her arrow, the words, scratched in berry-juice upon a piece of white rag—"The White Dove is safe." She sought for and found the same afterward.—How this strange being fell in with the savages again, after liberating herself, it hath been her freak not to tell, but she comes and goes like a spirit, and some do say, indeed, they are beginning to regard her with a sort of superstition.

My sons do get great praise for their bravery in combatting the common enemy. Such we must regard them. They have been a long time coming to this, and the pretended affront of refusing intermarriage with them was only a pretext for what they had long ago considered.

Omayah came with downcast looks to visit us again, after the carrying away and restoration of Alice. He protests and we are inclined to believe, truly, he had nothing to do with the treachery thereof. He too was surprised, he says. He adds, that he saw Mary Greenlee's contrivance for getting the White Dove away and kept his mouth bang up. [Shut tight.] She bears him out in this, but we cannot tell from her evidence. At any rate, I am willing and glad to think the boy was not at fault. He has been the playfellow of my sons so long I can but feel attached to him. Tiger King professes great penitence, but in him I have less faith. In the old I look for more stability, in the young I look for more truth. This for red man and white man. Omayah comes rarely.

The Rev. Morgan Morgan, who hath been chiefly instrumental in erecting the first Church in this Virginia Valley takes much interest in civilizing and Christianizing the savage race, and his labors among them have not been altogether discouraged. Indeed if he might but win one to the light of the Bible it would be great gain, yet I cannot be disabused of my thought that it is an up-hill work, and that a preacher may always be prepared for an ambush, even where he thinks he has gained both ear and heart.

Charles, my New-World child, as I call him, being the first born

here, is a daring spirit. The boy lives in the chase and in war. Among the Alleghanies he was captured some time since by a party of Indians, who took the child on, barefoot, some two-hundred or more of miles, his poor arms girded behind him and he driven on by threats and brandishing of knives of his vile tormentors.

Traveling along a bank some twenty feet high, Charles suddenly and by intense muscular force snapped the cords by which he was bound, dashed himself down the precipice into the bed of a mountain-torrent below, and thus effected his escape. Not but that they followed him fast enough, yet he had some little the advance of them, so, leaping the trunk of a tree which chanced to lay prostrate in the way, a sudden failing of strength did come over him and he sank in the weeds and tall grass which surrounded it. His pursuers bounded over, sundry of them almost touching him as they sprang, but God be thanked! they did not slacken speed and hurried on still seeking him.

As soon as he deemed it safe he essayed to rise from his grassy bed, but here was a new adversary to cope withal—a huge rattlesnake, lying in deadly coil, so near his face he even must hold his breath, lest the bare movement caused by inspiration bring the monster's fangs and his own nose (of which he hath a goodly allowance) in fatal contact. Once, indeed, as he waved to and fro, his huge rattle rested upon Charles' ear. Let him but wink, let him but move one muscle and lo! the terrible thing would be upon him. He lay thus in painful movelessness many minutes, when the beast, supposing him dead, crawled over the lad's body and went his way. It is a noble characteristic that they will not attack that which hath not life and power to get away.

I wonder if it be not a token of my death that to-day, wiping my spectacles and putting them on, I have taken up this book after so long laying of it aside.

I feel indeed like a traveler whose way has lain by a devious and up-hill road, and now in some peaceful sweet day, when there are no clouds in the sky, turns to survey the way he has come, before entering into his rest and closing the doors about him.

I see my children here and there settled around me,—sons and my daughter. Dear Andrew, who is known as General Lewis, still follows the fortunes of his great chief, Washington. Thomas is in the honorable House of Burgesses, my Alice bears her matronly honors well, and sometimes tells her eldest child how the dying Indian boy, Omayah, Christianized at the last, did wildly crave the wings of the White Dove to bear him up to the home of the Great Spirit.

There is a grave by Great Kanawah's side which tells where Charles Lewis, my blue-eyed American child, fell bravely fighting, honored and beloved, in the fierce affray at Point Pleasant.—God rest him! the gentle at home are the bravest in war, ever. A little hillock on the prairie with

its white mound of stones is not overlooked, though an insignificant object in the landscape to any but mother-eyes.

William is confined by sickness, so we hear to-day, also that his wife, noble woman! has sent off her last three sons, the youngest thirteen, to repel the British at Rockfish Gap. "Go, my children," this Roman mother said, "I spare not even my youngest, my fair-haired boy, the comfort of my declining years, I devote you all to my country. Keep back the invader's foot from the soil of Augusta, or see my face no more."*

Men with such mothers are the men to form a nation. But the wrangle of wars and rumors of wars sound faint to me now, and I say to the one who standeth hand in hand with me on this height, who hath been a help-meet every step of the way,—only a little longer, John Lewis, and the Lord of the mountain will open unto us and we enter his doors together.

ABOUT BEGGARS.

BY T. C. DE LEON.

THERE is a proverb, old and unpoetical—old enough to have come from the days of Solomon—unpoetical from being often found embalmed in the mould of ancient spelling books.

Handed down, perchance, from the Hebrew—sifted through intermediate Sanscrit and well-beloved by reason of its trite brevity, it comes often to be quoted in our own vernacular to the effect that "it takes all sorts of people to make a world."

There being nothing in this proposition either improbable in itself, or very startling to the fixed notions of right and wrong that make our starting point for the worldly pilgrimage, it naturally sets us to thinking more than its more startling and assumptious opposite might.

We admit its truth and come to the conclusion, that, singular and mixed as is the assemblage in which we dwell, there are, perhaps, some in it who deserve especial mention.

Among the "all sorts of peo-

* When this circumstance was related to Washington, his face lighting with enthusiasm, he exclaimed: "Leave me but a banner to plant upon the mountains of Augusta, and I will rally around me the men who will lift our bleeding country from the dust and set her free."

ple" each one seems to differ in some sort, from his kindred. Yet, each proclaims aloud his right to wear the seignorial signet of a lord of creation:—even the smallest specimen of humanity sports, like the shadowy infant in Macbeth—

> "Upon his baby brow the round
> "And top of sovereignty."

Each one, wrapping around him the mantle of his own individuality, struts his brief hour upon his peculiar stage; each one asserts his right to live, to act and think as his brethren—a right inalienable, perhaps, albeit somewhat aggressive at times in the carrying out.

Humanity is prone to belittle its neighbor and aggrandise itself;—too apt to rely upon its own infallibility, and while industriously searching for the small mote in another's eye, to entirely overlook the prodigious beam in its own.

Foremost in the ranks of the despised—chiefest of those we vote inferiors—stands the Beggar!

Who more reviled—who more misused than he? on whom does his fellow-man gaze with more comfortable scorn?

All the world thinks it right to give him kicks, instead of halfpence. Every man believes himself a better piece of earthenware than he; that the beggar is only common potter's clay while he, forsooth, is genuine "petuntze."

Hereditary Ishmael! thriving upon kicks and thistles! Every man's hand is against his, be the beggar's very dirty hand where it may. The man of fashion shuns him as if the very sight were contamination to his new stripes: the horny palm of the laborer would as lief grasp that of Asmodeus himself: and the veriest castaway of the rum-mill proclaims his right to exclaim—"Stand aside! I am holier than thou!"

Each and every one would fain cry out with petulant *Sir Anthony Absolute:*

"Don't dare to enter the same hemisphere with me! Don't dare to breathe the same air with me! Hang it! get an atmosphere and a sun of your own!"

Now one might think the beggar would become unhappy under these heaped up abuses; that he would be moved to weeping and shed tears enough to keep his verrucous countenance forever clean.

Not a whit! Familiarity with the jeers and scoffs that butter his daily bread breeds a very contempt for them:—contempt for the blows that assail him:—contempt for the world that appreciates him not:—contempt, in short, for every thing but his own supremely ragged self.

He walks the ways of life in the sublime independence of squalor—takes your cuff or your blessing—your shilling or your curse—with equal indifference, and is as like to thank you for the one as for the other.

In fact so habituated does he become to his daily aggravations, that life were monotonous without them, and mayhap his hard gotten hard crust would stick in his gorge without the *sauce piquante* they afford.

Wonderful is the spread of the

beggar's trade and endless its ramifications! Far back in the mouldy forgotten-ness of the past some eleemosynary Egyptian may have dropped from his lazy palm the primal germ—it has branched and multiplied in every soil—has rooted and sprouted afresh under every sky—a Banyan-tree of Beggary. It reaches from sphere to sphere—from pole to pole, and the beggar proper sings in every clime—

"No pent up Utica contracts our powers:—
For whole unbounded continents are ours!"

Under the tender teachings of Ismail's code the beggar is a man of mark—his office holy. Who has journeyed unto Jerusalem, has "gone down to the Jordan," or tasted the immemorial muddiness of the Nile but has had the plaintive wail for "*Buksheesh!*" ring in upon tympana and pocket book!

Who has basked in the soft sun of Naples and not heard the seductive whine for *bajocci* from each maccaroni-encrusted lip; or failed to see, under the frozen skies of St. Petersburg, the mute and time-honored beggar hold his own on every corner with "the ruffiers of the camp and court" that throng the streets.

Under the purple clusters that nut-brown maidens pluck near fair Cadiz; on the wild steppes of Asia, and on the far reaching plains where our own red man spears the buffalo, rises the beggar—a lineal descendant of "the daughters of the horseleech, crying—"Give!—Give!"

But perhaps the most remarkable specimens of the genus the sun shines upon are warmed by his rays in the Emerald Isle. In fact these are hardly so much beggars as vendors of startling quips and happy retorts, ungrudgingly given in exchange for your gingerly bestowed half-pence.

Who does not remember the ancient beggar lady who accosted the Lord Lieutenant and his lady at the Vice Royal gate:—

"Blessins on yer honor an' yer leddyship! But its mesilf dhremt a dhrame! Yer honor was to gie a pound o' tay, and yer leddyship was to gie me a pound o' baccay!"

"But, Biddy, you know dreams are always reversed."

"Bother! But its mesilf dat's a sthupid wun! not to remimber yer leddyship were to give the tay and yer lordship the baccay!"

Or the equally appointed addendum of the religious beggar who followed the *non-respondent* barrister with the cry:

"May the blissins o' Hevin foller ye!—may the blissins o' Hevin foller ye!—and [as he gets out of ear shot] niver overtake ye—ye durty spalpeen!"

And then its age! If age is beautiful the beggar's trade is surely a joy forever.

What a field for antiquarian research could we hope an Agassiz could find a fossilized and outstretched hand and from it build us up the skeleton of the great progenitor of beggars.

What a relic were he! and to be guarded with what care! An aromatic Pharoah would fade—Mr. Gliddon's male princess even pale his, hers, or its futile fires before such!

We are taught the name of the first sinner; we know who first did murder; but, O! who can lift the veil of mystery that shrouds the name of the first beggar! As easy were it to tell who first wrenched the hinge of the primeval oyster as to guess who in Mesopotamia, or the wilderness, first hobbled round for old clothes and cold manna!

Ancient and honorable are the the tribe of beggars—their's the very Methuselah of occupations—antecedent to the world; coëval almost to the birth of sin itself!

That variety, too, which is the spice of all life, is especially the seasoning of the beggar's. On this it is useless to dwell, for who has not before him every hour, and on each corner, all grades of the guild from the Past Master to the entered apprentice.

From north, from south, from east from west—from every point of the compass and perhaps more—"the beggars are coming to town:" coming in a constant stream that makes us wonder open-mouthed when they will cease and where they all go to.

What a sight would it be if their Grand-Commandery should order a full-ragged parade—a grand numismatic Field-Day!

What a thumping of crutches! What a bumping of ligneous pedals; stumping of timber toes and stumping of bare ones! What a travelling museum of misery! What a curious collection of all the deformities, ills and maladies that beggar flesh has been ever heir to!

Bandaged eyes; running sores on legs that can't run; sprained backs, disrupted ancles and unhinged joints; railway smashes and bankrupt constitutions; swelled boys and boys with the measles; the man who had his leg bit off and he who was spoiled at Gettysburg: the stairway female with nine babies and her arm in a sling—and many more too miserable to mention—all passing in grand review of every known evil, but with none in common save a common emptiness of pocket and an un-common emptier-ness of stomach!

And glancing down the line at this grand parade of the ragged army, what a set of faces would we find!

Faces that Carlyle saw when he classified those round the hungry knife of the Revolution! Faces known in the vulgate as "the hardest kind;"—such countenances as we pictured to ourselves in childhood's days, must have grinned at the cremation of a martyr; such sets of features as Doré makes look up from the lake of the Frozen Hell, or weaves with grotesque horror into the web of his Judgment Day! Such phizes as mock us in the dark and dismal silence of winter nights, when the terrors of Lobster Salad are dead upon us!

Beggary seems a phosphorescent exhalation from the fermenting mass of crowded communities; and like all such gleams it is most patent in the older and decaying corporations. But even in the worn out civilizations of the East, and of Italy, it flourishes in ranker growth away from the agricultural districts and round the hot beds of cities. And in our own

happy country—which is surely the greatest, while it is the best governed on the planet—the same rule obtains.

New York alone could furnish a complete *corps* of thoroughly maimed and wretchedly appointed beggars to every town in the country; while in the West the market is far from glutted.

In the cotton-growing regions of the South, beggars were as rare as comets; and even during the war—with all the horrid shifts to make bare food—it was the rare exception to see one. We may account for this fact partly from the force of habit—partly from the necessity for work of all sorts.

Men worked in the front rank of the fight or in the toilsome trench; women worked at home, in the factories and even in the armories; the lithe fingers of children were utilized in a hundred ways. The South "robbed the cradle and the grave" and set both to work for the bare means of life—*but none begged!*

Meantime, despite the new avenues opened for industry in the North—despite the reckless distribution of the people's money—despite fat contracts and juicy "jobs"—statistics show a large increase of beggary.

Nor does a single pursy contractor—fattening sloth-like upon the green shoots of the Treasury—seem to have arisen and cries with jolly Jack Falstaff:

"What! a young knave and beg! Is there not wars—is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects?—do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worse side, were that worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it!"

Scrutiny into the subject startles us with the accumulated misfortunes heaped upon the beggar in good business. We are shocked at the invariable load of misery borne upon the failing knees, or the stooping shoulders of yonder eleemosynary! *He* is a perambulating Pandora's box, with the smallest atom of Hope, hid under a mass of troubles; *she* is a fancy bazaar of every shape and variety of merchantable calamity.

To these, wretchedness, far from being a curse, is a blessing we may sympathize with but pity not. Misery of any size and in any form, is a windfall as eagerly looked for as a smash up by the most hopeful buyer of accidental insurances.

In exact ratio to the increase of affliction are the returns from the business; the more perfect the Lazarus the more lively the trade he drives.

Panoplied in antique rags, and scutcheoned with immemorial dirt, the beggar glories in misfortune, and exhibits his painful catalogue with a gurgle of lively satisfaction. He dwells on his heavy stock in trade of chronic evils; and even an occasional accident may, by judicious management, be turned into a merchantable commodity.

Happy he, who is born with a hump; or has, by the accidents of tender infancy, been twisted beyond repair! But while greater blessings these major curses, a minor mishap becomes—"in hands

entirely great"—a gift of good fortune by no means to be despised.

One special case comes to mind—a grimy and inflamed specimen, who haunted Broadway for years. Plaintive, and with tears in it, his voice was! But an ill concealed flash of triumph ran down his grubby forefinger as he pointed to pants rolled high above his brawny knee, displaying a pet carosity on his left calf! Verily do I suspect that lump an exotic, and that he daily caused it to bloom and blush by careful watering with dilute acid! Only frequent friction with emery paper could have brought to the surface its latent properties for drawing pennies! for that excresence netted its happy possessor a handsome average of fourteen cents per diem!

But perhaps the most wonderful point in the character of the beggar is his high morality. This is his special strength, and marvellous as true if we reflect on his erratic way of life.

He is a pattern of holiness—of truth and of sobriety. He never swears; he never, never lies; and he doesn't recognize the smell—not to mention the taste—of anything in the alcoholic line!

Shouldst thou see him bearing a jug,—O, suspicious detector of thy brother's fault! know that it is to convey molasses to a suffering family.

If his eye be dull and blood-shot while his nose beams like a beacon; may not a man have influenza from dusty roads?

And if his breath, O, critic! doth possess strong odors; are there not patent medicines to regulate the inner selves of beggars as well as kings?

He may wander widely and meander mysteriously; but hath he not dorsal feebleness and inefficient knees? These things may all have a suspicious look: and as for stealing——

It *does* "look bad" to see an impecunious male hovering around your area stairs, or a hobbling female making rapid tracks from your alley gate! It *does* "look bad," Irate Moralish!

But still be lenient. If we all had our deserts we know what a flogging we should get: and judged by appearances how few but would get their deserts! Give the suspected the benefit of common law until he be proven guilty.

It "looks bad" to see a young dandy traveling homewards at 6 a. m., with a dress coat and white choker. It "looks bad" to see a common councilman coming out of a tavern wiping his mouth.

But you have no unfailing proof against these.

One may have been indulging in a peripatetic stroll; the other may have simply imbibed the gentle lemonade.

We read in Musby fable that Belisarius once crawled about on sunny days in ancient Hellas—and begged a pittance with the doleful cry, "*Date Obolum, Belisario!*"

Little though you deem it, your charity may develop some "mute-inglorious" Grant!

Therefore, be lenient to the beggar, even when suspicious circumstances threaten to dim his fame. Forbearance is the bright spot amid the clouds of everyday

life, so rejoice, if haply you have the friendship of the brotherhood of beggary; and sigh that those halcyon days are fled, "When King Copbetua wooed the Beggar Maid."

PARIS—NOTED CHURCHES.

ONE of the prominent features of the great city, and one which always attracts the attention of visitors, is its churches. Who has not heard of Notre Dame? Surely no traveler ever passed through Paris without paying his respects to it, for had he not done so, those tales he will afterwards tell to wondering fireside groups, would be incomplete. He must be prepared to answer all questions, he must have seen every place that is suggested, and be able to tell its beauties, and dwell upon its minutiæ;—otherwise that halo which always surrounds one who has voyaged on the limitless ocean, has dwelt in foreign lands, and conversed in strange tongues, with stranger people, will feel its brightness dimmed, and the man of wonderful stories will lose part of his glory, and descend towards the level of ordinary humanity.—Notre Dame is one of the oldest churches in Paris, and can hardly be said to be finished yet, for something is continually being done to it, and even in process of erection, it has grown old, and gathered the hoariness of centuries around it, so that a decayed timber, or a rotten stone, has often to be replaced by one of more modern date. Its architecture is very fine, but entirely different from that of the Madeleine. Indeed, the Madeleine was not originally intended for a church, and bears no resemblance to the church buildings of the present day, while Notre Dame wears the form and air of a cathedral. Over the front and main entrance is the gallery of the Apostles, with Christ in the centre. On entering we are struck with the vastness of the building, and the massive character of the pillars, galleries, etc., the latter being as high as the roof of an ordinary church.—When ordinary mass is being said, we are obliged to walk half the long length of the floor, before we come to the congregation, and even then the altar is not very near. The lofty dome is done in mosaic; from it are suspended, by great lengths of rope, the chandeliers, and it is by following the distance of these ropes, from one near end to the other far one, that an idea can be formed of the real height of the roof. Taking a seat on one of the chairs, after having paid our two sous to the old woman at the entrance, let us watch, and listen to the ceremony, as it is reverberated from floor to gallery, from gallery to roof, and from roof through hall and sound-

ing corridor. A bell strikes slowly,—one, two, three,—and the congregation rise, and occupy the kneeling chairs in front of them. The deep toned organ sounds deeply and solemnly for a few moments, then stops. From some distant corridor in the rear comes a chorus of fifty or more female voices chanting the Miserere, sounding sweetly, sadly, as it strikes the ear in subdued, mellow accents, seeming as though the women at the cross were again wailing forth their sorrow for the agony and death of their Lord and Saviour. This gradually swells into volume, growing louder and louder, then dies away, and sinks, insensibly, into silence. For a moment all is still; then from the altar in front of us, a gathering of men's voices breaks upon the solemn air, and carries on the chant, though with deeper and harsher tones, and grow fainter, and more faint, as if from a distance, until again nothing breaks the stillness of the church. In a moment the two rise at once, and both male and female notes mingle together, and the organ sends forth its accompaniment till the echoes resound with a hollow sound from the distant corners, and chase each other round the great pillars, in and out of the long corridors, and among the stone images of the saints in their niches in the wall. When this is finished, at the slow strokes of the bell again, the congregation sit down, and with prayer-book in hand, follow the monotonous tones of some old priest, as he sings out the service. Over the rearmost altar burns a row of seven tall, tapering wax candles, six or eight feet high, whose star-like flames against the dark back-ground, are like the handle of the Dipper, in the Northern heavens. A priest in his robes stands, with his back towards us, at a pulpit directly in front, and nearer to us, reading from a large book whose great print, and odd-looking letters, visible even at this distance, remind us of the days of Martin Luther, and the old monks, before printing was invented, when a book was worth almost its weight in gold, and when the abbey libraries contained all the learning of the land.

When we rise to explore the recesses of the old building, after going in and out, we think we have at last come to the end, when a turn brings us upon some unexpected dark passage, that leads on still.

The precise dates of Notre Dame have never been accurately fixed. On its site, and in the time of the Romans, a temple existed, of which the foundations were discovered in 1711. On this spot a church dedicated to St. Stephen was erected about 365 in the time of Valentinian I., and rebuilt by Childebert about 522. The reconstruction of this last, by Robert, son of Hugh Capet, is the first we hear of Notre Dame, so called from one of its chapels dedicated to the Virgin. The first stone was laid by Pope Alexander III., who had taken refuge in France, while Maurice de Saliac was bishop of the diocese. The high altar was consecrated in 1182 by Henry, legate of the Holy

See, and in 1185 Heraclias, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had come to Paris to preach the 3rd crusade, officiated in the church for the first time. There is, of course, a great deal of history connected with the church, which we have no space here to recount. During the many revolutions of which Paris has been the theatre, Notre Dame has always more or less suffered. Its bells, and the lead of its steeples, have been, more than once, melted down to make balls of. Its interior has been desecrated by mobs, who plundered and destroyed the treasures of the church. Some of these have been recovered, and, patched together, are shown as relics of gone by times. The coronation robes of Napoleon the Great, with those of officiating Popes and Archbishops, are gorgeous, and remind one of an age of splendor and glory, when all Europe trembled before France, and Napoleon was the greatest among men. In 1831, at the sacking of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and the Archbishop's palace, the populace broke into the Sacristy, and did great damage. A celebrated artist having left on his easel a most elaborate picture he was painting of the interior of the church, it was cut into a thousand pieces.—There is a group of statuary in the rear part of the church, said to represent the result of a dream. A lady, being absent from her husband, dreamed he was dying; immediately flew to him by the swiftest conveyances, and arrived just in time to receive his last kiss. The statuary represents him in a half-closed coffin, at the head of which the skeleton Death is holding the hour-glass, and the wife, just arrived, has thrown herself on her knees with clasped hands, towards whom the husband is stretching out of his coffin.

St. Roch is a very unpretending structure, and a stranger would pass it by without a second glance, thinking it a little corner church, where some French Mr. Smith harangued his dozing congregation; but enter it on Good Friday once, and this impression is quite dissipated. The crowd is a perfect jam, and you enter with it at one door, are carried round the church, and cast out at another. There is no such thing as stopping to admire particular beauties, or of going contrary to the tide. It has a very fine appearance, is full of paintings from the old masters, and is said to have occupied a hundred years in course of construction. The Tomb of Christ, behind the Altar, is its prominent point. It extends across the entire breadth of the church, and represents Nature. In the middle is the Tomb, an opening about four feet square in the side of a rocky elevation closed by a massive stone. On top of the little mount is the cross, seeming as though our Saviour had just been taken from it. On one side is a group of statuary, life size, representing Mary and Martha weeping; on the other are two or three Roman soldiers keeping guard.—It is entered from the body of the building, by a narrow passage some twenty feet long, has no windows, and the dim light of a few expiring wax candles gives it a very solemn appearance, and

creates a feeling of awe upon the mind of the beholder. It is not wonderful the Catholic church possesses such an influence over the minds of its members, conducting, as it does, everything in so stately, grand and solemn a manner, it cannot fail of impressing the soul with an inclination to worship. The very air of a Catholic Cathedral is religion, and the fine paintings of Biblical scenes, by the best masters, seem to stand out from the canvass, and you almost expect to hear them speak to you. The life-like image of Christ hanging on the tree, and drops of blood trickling down from the thorny crown on his forehead, has such an expression of suffering on His heavenly face, as could only be produced by the extremity of mental and bodily agony combined, and could only be borne by the patience and endurance of a Redeemer dying for his people. His lips seem to have just uttered the wail, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani," sent up from the depths of that great heart.—In looking at it, one could almost see the tears, and drops of blood fall to the ground, and irresistibly imagine that he stands before the real Jesus of Nazareth, "the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," who is treading again the fiery pathway from Earth to Heaven. Then, too, the sound of distant voices chanting the Te Deum in some far off corner of the great edifice, carrying with it a pathos no Protestant church music ever possesses, brings sad thoughts and inclines the heart to things of Heaven, driving out the last vestige of worldly cares. All their churches, too, are old; no pile of brick and mortar, containing all the latest inventions, but stately old structures, where service has been carried on for centuries past, where the worshippers have met to praise God, for generations back; one is kneeling where his grandfather knelt fifty years ago, and perhaps where his grandfather did as long before him.—Certainly for impressiveness produced by outward things, the Catholic religion surpasses.

The first stone of St. Roch was laid by Louis XIV. and Anne of Austria in 1653. It is approached by a flight of steps, extending the whole breadth of the church, and famous as the theatre of many events during the several French revolutions. The mob crowded there to see Marie Antoinette led to execution; Bonaparte cleared them of that same mob with cannon during the Directory, and the face of the building is scarred in a hundred places, with the marks of cannon balls, and musket bullets. In 1830 a stand was made there against the gendarmerie of Charles X.; and in 1848 the descendants of the Goddess of Reason devoutly ascended these steps to deposit in the church a crucifix found in the Palace of the Tuileries. Beside the entrance, inside, there is an inscription on marble, placed there by Louis Philippe, in 1821, to the memory of Pierre Corneille, who is buried there. The Empress has an elegant tribune in this church, which is the richest in Paris, and is celebrated for its music and singing on all great Catholic festivals.

This fact is noticeable with regard to all the fine buildings, and indeed as touching the sights of the city; that a first view almost invariably chills the awakened expectation. One enters these places of which he has heard so much spoken, and read so much, all his life, looking for something extraordinary, marvellous,——and like as not, the day may be a little foggy, the windows may be closed, or some unfavorable circumstance happen, which destroys the whole effect, and what he had thought would be beautiful beyond his greatest conceptions, sinks in his estimation into an ordinary chapel, or a commonplace building. Thus it is with the Madeleine on a first visit.—Imagination has given it the place of the first church in existence, in point of beauty, and being wrought up by the tales of returned travelers, to whom one has often listened, he expects to find something wonderful. The light is not strong, the church, comparatively, empty, and he is much disappointed. But wait a month or six weeks, until you have become more used to the city, and taking some bright day, when you have nothing else to do, enter it while mass is going on; the upper end of the church full of listeners; a row of white dressed and hooded nuns on one side; here and there kneeling at the different shrines, a half dozen worshippers invoking their patron saint; the voice of the priest sounding faint and indistinct as it loses itself in the great domed roof, and it is a different thing. The cheerful sunlight streaming through the glass arches overhead contributes to light its beauties, to make the bass relief sculpturing on the lofty top stand out with great effect, to discover the vast length and breadth of the house, to make plain its magnificent paintings by the great masters, to show the deep concavities on either side, and to do justice to its splendid architecture.

The Madeleine was originally intended for a temple of glory—the glory of France, and the success of her arms, and for that purpose was constructed on a grand and magnificent scale. It is a heavy, massive style of building, surrounded in front, and in the rear, by a double, and on the sides by a single line of large fluted and carved pillars, between which, and the church itself, a wide verandah occupies the intervening space. Its walls are unbroken by a single window; here and there a little square opening, holding the place of a displaced stone, lets in a few rays of light, and at the distance of about every thirty feet a deep niche, in which stands the effigy of a saint. La Madeleine is, since the beginning of the 13th century, the fourth church erected on this site, called, in former times, from its vicinity to a suburban villa of the Bishops of Paris, la ville l'Eveque. The present magnificent structure was commenced in 1764, by Constant d'Ivry, and continued by Couture. The revolution of 1789 suspended the works, until Napoleon First, directed Vignon to complete it for a Temple of Glory. In 1715, Louis XVIII. restored it to its original destination, and decreed

that it should contain monuments to Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Louis XVII., and Mademoiselle Elizabeth. It was finished under Louis Philippe, by M. Huvé, and cost over thirteen million francs.

There are other celebrated churches, in Paris, of which the Pantheon stands prominent, but our story is already too long, and we shall have to say au revoir, sans adieu.

GARVEY.

August 23, 1868.

BALTIMORE.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

Majestic city, round whose name
Such sweet associations twine,
What tongue may fitly tell the claim
Of high desert so justly thine!

Through all our country's storied past,
Wherever freedom's watch-fires burned,
A halo is around thee cast,
By noble actions nobly earned.

And fast as Time shall forward fling,
On to eternity his store,
Each age shall added lustre bring
To bless and brighten BALTIMORE!

Like some serene, refulgent star,
Thy name, preeminent, shall live,
Engilded with a glory far
More great than mortal meed may give.

Yet mortal gratitude would speak,
With all the eloquence of love,
What thou hast done, and gladly seek
Its due rewarding from above.

In faith imploring, when the Lord
Who rules the heavens shall give decree
And justice unto earth award,
This sentence shall be given thee.

When at His feet the universe
In awful expectation kneels,
While flaming Seraphim rehearse
What deeds the Book of Life reveals;

The Book of Life, within whose lid
Each act of Nation and of Man,
Through centuries of silence hid,
The righteous Judge shall strictly scan,

When from the thunders of the throne,
His voice shall boundless ether fill,
And earth and heaven before its tone,
Shall through their deepest centers thrill,

That He who holds the elements
Within the hollow of His hand,
Thy earthly course may recompense,
And bid this entry for thee stand:

"This is the city's record, made
By angels' hands; be it displayed
To earth and hosts of heaven arrayed.

The almoner of God was she,
With bounty boundless as the sea,
Her rule of action, charity.

She raised the outcast's drooping head,
She soothed the sick, the starving fed,
And coffined the unburied dead.*

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* Among the countless deeds of mercy rendered by Baltimore to the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., during the awful pestilence, which desolated them, was the sending of steamers full of coffins, thereby removing the horrible dread, that the bodies of the beloved dead must be committed uncoffined, to the grave.

The orphan's tears she gently dried,
The prison's portals opened wide,
And balm to bleeding breasts applied.

A stricken nation sore distrest,
She cherished on her sheltering breast,
A refuge and abiding rest.

Whatever forms of woe and weal,
Humanity can know, or feel,
She strove to amplify and heal.

In every varied way of good,
In blessing others as she could,
Supreme in excellence she stood.

Therefore her judgment is:" Indite
Upon the wall of Chrysolite,
This sentence blazing ever bright:

"ADJUDGED BY HEAVEN'S SUPREME DECREE
"THE CHIEF OF MANY DAUGHTERS, SHE
"BLESSING MY PEOPLE, BLESSED ME!"

Thrice noble city, this the scope
Through which our aspirations spread,
When we with supplicating, hope
To bring down blessings on thy head!

Beloved city, grandly rise
Thy monuments of marble art;—
By far thy truest tablet lies
Embedded in the Southern heart!

A VIRGINIA SCOTCH FAMILY IN 1804.

THE head of the Buchanan family was a pair of primitive old Scotch people, living on a small farm, amidst the recesses of Walker's mountain. It was a household after David Deans' of St. Leonard's Crags. The old man had the piety and singlemindedness of a Cameronian, without the slightest stiffness or acerbity of temper. He was good tempered, quiet, unassuming, and of the most perfect and unswerving virtue. The old woman was shrewd, bustling, managing, and intent on hospitable thoughts. She had some early recollection of having been, in her girlhood, in Argyleshire, upon the lower Clyde. This was ground for establishing kinship with the Campbells, and the relationship was always recognized. The family consisted of six sons and four daughters; the oldest daughter being a real type of Jeanie Deans. The farm was a poor one amidst the spurs of the mountains, pretty well plenished, to use the old woman's term, with cattle, sheep and horses; there were some bits of meadow land in the narrow valleys and a large and excellent orchard. They had no servants or hirelings; the farm work was entirely done by the stalwart boys, and the house and yard work by the girls, who, besides cooking, waiting on the table, &c., &c., knit, sewed and wove. The boys shod their horses, made their own shoes and farming utensils. The girls cut out and made the clothing of the men, woven from flax or wool grown on the place.—There was not a cent of money expended in the purchase of any article except coffee, at that time a rare and much esteemed luxury, and one of the principal ingredients in the free hospitalities of the family. The sugar was the product of their own trees, made at their own camps. When to the coffee was added a dish of tea, the abundant board was supplied with sassafras or golden-rod, whose aromatic aroma I have a savory relish of to this day. The house consisted of one large room and two shed-rooms down stairs, and a loft which was reached by a ladder. The table was plentifully supplied with beef, mutton, pork, fowls, frequently with venison and wild turkeys from the neighboring mountains—with milk, cheese, butter and cream in profusion, which the neat-handed girls served. Everything was tidy, orderly and abundant.—There were huge piles of blankets, sheets and coverlids. There was but one washbowl, placed on a shelf at the door. The family always washed in the spring before sun-up. I do not remember that any member of the family was ever found in bed by the rising sun. No state of the weather ever restrained any one from their accustomed occupations. There was no book in the house but the Bible. All could read, but none did so. There was but very slight manifestation of any religious

feeling. There were no family prayers; the only religious ceremony was a short and formal grace at meals. The Sunday was observed by a conspicuous neatness and order throughout the establishment, and by great sedateness of demeanor. The members of the family speaking in a soft, subdued tone. Most of them attended church, going thither on fat, quiet horses, each of the children claiming one as his own.—There were two black-walnut tables and several large chests of the same wood. Whoever called was invited to take a meal, or at least a cup of coffee. The dialect of the whole family was Scotch.—I may conclude these short and simple annals by stating, I was present many years after, when the old sire, at a very advanced age, was borne to the grave by four stout sons and followed by as many grown daughters, and some grand children. At the distance of fifty years I recall, not without emotion, the scenes of that pastoral life, with its simple and primitive tastes. The venerable and patriarchal couple were types of Bucis and Philemon and were worthy of a visit of the Gods.

RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE NORTH.

SYSTEMATICALLY to ignore religion, is to discriminate in favor of infidelity. Unbelief is misbelief. Not only is religion an intensely positive thing, so that the denial of it becomes almost necessarily the assertion of its opposite; but man's heart is made intensely receptive of religion—so that in many cases it can only escape that acceptance by exalting its negations into a religion also. And though there is a vast number of frivolous people in the world—people with no intellectual headway on—neutral salt people—of whom it must be confessed that there is not substance enough in them to make a respectable infidel, much less a Christian (except by the grace of heaven;) the impact of minds, that are minds upon the public mind, inevitably drives it in one of these two directions: Society becomes impressed with beliefs or misbeliefs.

These thoughts—once justly and seduously urged upon the people's attention by the best men of their day, but now and for long overlooked—are re-awakened by many events and deliverances of late years, and rise again into immediate consequence, in the (so-called) reconstruction of Southern State Constitutions now taking place. A few words, therefore, rehearsing some of the facts brought to light by the "Sixth Biennial Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, of the State of Illinois," as quoted in the *Southern Review* for July, 1868, will not be ill-timed.

The material elements of the Illinois school-system, are of the

grandest. More than seven millions of dollars annually collected and disbursed; six hundred thousand children in the schools; ten thousand schools, employing seventeen thousand teachers; "thirty-two thousand popular gatherings every year in the name of education!" What a superb nation of ladies and gentlemen this machinery ought to turn out—if ladies and gentlemen can be made by machinery! What humanity, what wisdom, what love of liberty ought to make the prairies blossom as the rose! What *preux chevaliers* they must be in war, and silken sages in peace!

"Every shepherd swain grows bolder—
Gentler every shepherdess"—

must be the motto!

Neither is it a loose, shambling, unsystematized mass, as might be suspected by those who only know the rapid growth of the west, and have not realized the prodigies of toil and thought by which that growth has been secured. The department is "to assume a commanding position, * * * organizing, directing and controlling its myriad forces;" "its lines of direct, effective communication are to be extended so as to embrace the whole State;" "its ubiquitous hand is to gather from every quarter the materials with which to enrich the pages of its biennial report;" "it is to be the great educational bureau," &c., &c. Here is clearly developed the idea of a school-kingdom within the republican State, to which vast powers belong, to be wielded in the interest of—what?

Not religion, at any rate.—Whatever else it may favor, it must turn the cold shoulder here. Revealed theology, natural theology, morals, all lie under the ban, in the schools of Illinois. The State constitution provides, (Art. 8, Sec. 3,) 'That no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under (*sic*) this State.'—There is nothing at all to hinder an atheist, or a Buddhist, or a Mormon, from being superintendent of public instruction—unless, indeed, the atheist might have some punctilio about taking any oath. But no particular oath being prescribed, it is altogether probable he might be able to propose something sufficiently solemn to pass muster.

We have here, also, an account of the proper materials, of which to form school libraries. Hugh Miller, Agassiz, Speke, Livingston, Fremont, Huc, Irving, Lamb and Dickens, all find a place, as do Milton and Bryant and Longfellow; but no room is found for Moses, David, Paul or John! So, we are told that "History should teach them, Philosophy purify their minds, and Poetry fire and exalt their affections;" but neither as history, nor as philosophy, nor as poetry, nor as a "greater than these," does the "glorious Gospel" get leave to teach and bless.

Furthermore; we have a mild protest against the excessive irreligion of the present scheme; a very submissive and weak-voiced appeal to the genie, to get back into the casket, whence *something* has let him out! It is confessed that "a morbid sentiment prevails in respect to pressing the

prerogatives of public education beyond the domain of the purely intellectual." What a velvety touch of a sore subject! What tact, what temperance, what soft cadences when the question only concerns the God of the whole earth, and the utterance of His loving messages among the children! Just wait, until Mr. Superintendent gets hold of the R-R-R-EBELLION, and see if he dosen't roar until your head rings! You see, it is the part of wisdom to put forth one's strength in proportion to the importance of the subject. But this is a digression.

He is "convinced that it is neither rational nor safe to exclude from our public schools a distinct and reverent recognition of Almighty God; that it is better to offend the prejudices of some, IF WE MUST, than to suffer the whole system to lapse into the black sea of practical atheism."—Here, then, we have the admission, that a distinct and reverent recognition of Almighty God is at present excluded from the public schools; that to admit such a recognition will necessarily offend the prejudices of a class important enough to be considered; and that, to go on as they are going now, threatens a lapse into the black sea of practical atheism.

It is certainly, therefore, not in the interests of religion that this great power is at present employed. Indeed, it is distinctly confessed that "alarm is often taken at the slightest intimation of an effort to recognize Almighty God, or His sacred Word in the schools. It is not said, here, that efforts have been made—only "intimation of efforts;" which we suppose must mean that some teachers, conscience-pressed, have proposed to try some cautious experiment, and the alarm has been sounded, and the proposals have been abandoned. We would like very much to know that some teachers have been found brave enough either to face this wicked "alarm," or to abandon, with a noble indignation, the hateful task of excluding the recognition of God from the schools; but we have no such information.

In what interest, then, are these schools conducted?

Unhappily, on this point we are not left in the dark. First of all, we have an eulogium of "education" (so-called) as developing the forces of brain and hand and heart, and reduplicating their power: the application of which abstract principle is—"We should look for greater aggregate efficiency in an educated soldier than in an uneducated one. And a regiment or army of intelligent soldiers must needs be more useful and effective than the same number of stupid and ignorant men." (Something might be said, just here, of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia, in view of the constant clamor about the "ignorance" and "stupidity" of the South; but we forbear.) And so it is the grand mission of education, both to fire the heart with patriotic love and devotion, and to arm the soldier with more than musket and bayonet." The best commentary upon which is the statement in the Report that

"some thousands" of teachers in these schools left their position and went into the army during the late war.

Then we have the late President Lincoln quoted at length, both as endorsing God and the Bible—both, doubtless, very greatly indebted to him—and as prophesying the ruin of the South because the teachers of religion defended slavery from the Bible, and thus filled the cup of their iniquity, and brought down upon themselves the vials of Divine wrath.

Then—and this is equally characteristic of the same mind and men—you have the awkwardly made confession that colored children are not admitted to these schools. God and they are alike excluded by the party of Great Moral Ideas!

Then, as the steam gets up, we have "the devil of slavery," the "gigantic rebellion," "the defiant enemy in the South," and "*their friends*" (i. e.., the Conservatives) in the North. Then, in due course comes on "Treason," "the great slave-empire," "the outraged majesty of the law," "the infamy of baffled and defeated treason," and the "Dred Scot blasphemers," and of course Andersonville, Libby and Fort Pillow.

It is probably necessary to look farther for the answer to our question. The Gospel not excluded from the Illinois schools is the Chicago platform; and the religion cultivated there is Radicalism. To such base uses may Education come at last.

Are we a Christian nation? A short ten years ago, men daily thanked God that this was not a question. We thought it could not come into question. Though constitutions all agreed to exclude sectarian partizanship, the common fountain of all denominations, the Light of men, the Message from Heaven, was not disowned, nor the Mediatorial King disavowed by any open acts.

Religion is not Methodism or Presbyterianism, any more than the sun is the blue or violet ray of the prism. To be a Christian nation, is to acknowledge in our public life those truths—say rather, those *facts*—about which all Christian men agree. The Being and Attributes of God, and His government of the world, and the Inspiration of His Word; these are the substructions of human happiness and virtue, and the indispensable pillars of freedom and order—the life-secret of society.

And that element in our population which ignores or denies these things, ought to be considered and treated as a foreign element—that must be protected, that cannot be assimilated.

THE HAVERSACK.

From Charlottesville, Virginia, we get two anecdotes of one of the bravest of the brave:

While Capt. Jno. S. Ogden, of whom you spoke in a late number, was confined in irons at the Plains, by order of Gen. Geary, he was insulted by a Yankee who thought himself safe in using any language he chose, while the prisonor was hand-cuffed and tied to a tree; he soon found out to his sorrow, however, that it was extremely unsafe, for Captain O., raising his manacled hands as high as his rope would allow, brought them down on the head of the rascal with such force as to bring him to the ground; he then jumped into his face with both feet and injured him pretty severely before his cries brought him any assistance.

After Captain Ogden was exchanged, he singled out and pursued a Yankee officer on the battlefield of the second Manassas, whom he discovered, when he caught him, was no other than Major Atwood, Geary's executive officer, who had put Ogden in irons.

Ogden resisted the first impulse, which was to kill him immediately, and carried him to Gen. Stuart, who was acquainted with the facts of Ogden's treatment; Gen. Stuart turned him over to Ogden to dispose of as he chose, but like a magnanimous soldier as he was, he spared his life, and had ample revenge in taunting him with references to the manner in which he (Ogden) had been treated while in Atwood's power, and in keeping him in suspense for about a half a day about his wife whom he carried with him into the army.

Ogden lived through the whole war, fighting nobly whenever an opportunity offered itself, and is now a quiet, unobtrusive citizen at his old home. J. H. F.

An X. R., of the late so-called, gives us some recollections of the service from his home in Memphis, Tennessee:

It is well-known that in the last year of the war, rations were scarce in Lee's army. The trains, that ought to have brought us the needed supplies, were too often loaded with the stores of the speculators. The Paymasters, too, were neglectful, and months would roll round without payment. If a Johnny Reb happened to raise the wind by any means, he was besieged by hosts of friends anxious to become his partners. It was not disreputable to go into bankruptcy in those days: nor was it dishonorable to work at any craft, which would bring the promises to pay. We had abundance of leisure, lying there in the trenches, in those long days and weary nights around Petersburg. Some employed themselves in making finger rings and ear rings; some, in making clay pipes and wooden pipes. Others made up bundles

of kindling pine and sold them to the citizens.

But the most common, and the best paying business was the hunting of spent bullets and shells in the woods and the fields back of our lines. At all hours of the day, hundreds of men would be seen at this work, and it was even carried on at night by the aid of torches. Hundreds of pounds of lead and iron were gathered up and carried to the nearest Ordnance Officer, who would pay at Government rates. In this way enough of money would be got to buy a good dinner or a nice supper. The employment was often very dangerous, and many a poor fellow got an unlooked for furlough, in his search for a good dinner. But the work went steadily on. Hunger is more powerful than the fear of danger.

Sometimes the Yankees, who had kept up this supply, would get good-natured and stop picket and mortar firing. This made business dull, and the Johnnies would mount the parapet and taunt their adversaries, until the needed presents were sent. Mortar shells were our favorites, as they weighed more and brought a better price. Often hundreds could be seen on the works crying out "send us a shell!" As soon as the smoke would be seen to rise from the Yankee mortar, many would claim the shell, and shout " my shell, my shell!" On one occasion, a crowd of North Carolina boys, of Ransom's brigade, were standing in the field behind their intrenchments waiting for the *baby-waker* (as the shells were called,) when an enormous fellow came hissing and foaming through the air, passed the crowd and buried himself deep into the earth. There was a race for him. He was a big prize and all were eager to get him.--But before any one reached the coveted object, an awful explosion took place, a great pit was made in the ground, all of the boys were covered with dirt and some knocked senseless. Fortunately, the explosion took place before any one got to the shell, and beyond a temporary shock, no damage was done. One of the party, a big, fat fellow, weighing 200 pounds avoirdupois, jumped up from the hole ploughed under him, exclaiming: " I like to dig up Yankee shells, but I don't like them to dig me up!"

After that, more caution was observed and no one jumped upon the shell of Mr. Yankee until he had had his *blow-out:* for there was a feeling that the shell, by association, had caught the national characteristic "I'll fool you if I can." J. H. H.

From Fayetteville, N. C., we get the following:

Those who belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia, know that to " run the blockade " was a very difficult thing, although *very* frequently it was done, regardless of martial law or anything else. While the —— regiment was in camp near Orange Court House, Va., Tom S—— received permission to "go to town," took his " war-bag " which had been previously arranged by placing two black bottles (one filled with water) of the

same size, and with corks alike, he sallied forth without a cent in his pocket, except one dollar of "the promise to pay," which he soon spent at one of the Sutler's tents for a tin of cider and a gunger. He sauntered around, until he found the place, where some of the boys told him a fellow sold liquor on the sly, when entering he soon struck a bargain, that is, he was to pay $25, cash, for one quart of brandy. Tom quietly pulled out his bottle which was very quickly filled, and returned to his "war-bag," though very quietly; then feeling in his pocket he found, as he said to the dealer in liquor, that "he had left his pocket-book in the pants that he pulled off in camp." "That is very bad," said the liquor man. "Thunderation" said Tom, "it is too bad," "but you just place this bottle and contents up there on that shelf and *wait till* I see a friend who is out here, so that I can get the money, and I will come back," and at the same time handed him a bottle, which was set aside as requested. Tom then went on his way rejoicing that he had made such a good exchange—a bottle of water for a bottle of brandy.

The above is literally true, and I doubt not, there are many who still survive, who, if questioned, would well remember how Tom S—— (the tar-heel) ran the blockade with his never-failing war-bag.

G. L. W.

From Nashville, Tennessee, we get an account of an unconquerable Kentuckian, who would not surrender, not he!

I was at Columbus, Mississippi, when Gen. Dick Taylor surrendered the Western Division of the Confederate forces to Gen. Canby, commanding the Federal troops at New Orleans.

At Columbus, the only troops to be paroled were those commanded by Generals Buford and Lyon.

When the news of the surrender was received, and for some days after its reception, the general disposition among the soldiers was not to be paroled, and there was a constant talk of crossing the River to continue the fight in the Trans-Mississippi Department. This feeling was so universal that many did refuse the parole, and did cross over only to be paroled on the other side.—Many, however, neither took the parole nor crossed over, but expended their patriotism in such talk as this: "I'll never surrender. I'll become a guerrilla.—I'll go to the brush and bush-whack the blue devils, etc., etc."

There was, in Col. Crossland's brigade, a noisy fellow, who took mean whisky with the Trans-Mississippi fever. His hatred of Yankees and unconquerable spirit were always in exact proportion to the amount of mean whisky under his faded grey-jacket. One day, I was standing in the street when the unsubdued reb rode up, on a sorry mule, which, spite of its scare-crow condition, was almost too frisky for the unreconstructed cavalryman, in his then condition. He stopped just in front of me and began talking to

himself: "I'll never surrender, never, no never, never. (Hic.) I'll cross the river. (Hic.) I'll bush-whack 'em. (Hic.) I'll go to Mexico. (Hic.) I'll bid farewell to my country. (Hic.) I'll never, no never—give it up so.—Whoa, you cussed mule, whoa, never, no never. "Just then visions of home seemed to float before his mind's eye. "Whoa, why don't you stand—steady.—Gen. Buford, Bully Abe, says that we had better go home, get married and become 'spectable. (Hic.) I've got no money. Whoa, you brute. (Hic.) No clothes, no boat, and a big river to cross, (hic,) never, no never. (Hic.) How the h—ll am I to get thar and *no dispersition* to go? Tell me that, will you? whoa. I'll not go, never, no never." (Hic.) He didn't go! H. V. H.

The unreconstructed ought to have come to the good old North State and become a rival candidate for Fetich honors, with the celebrated author of the saying "the last man and the last dollar for our glorious Confederacy." The noisiest rebel, *who did no fighting*, makes the loyalest Fetich leader.

Memphis, Tennessee, tells a dog story and, as a moral hangs by the *tail*, we relate it for the benefit of the loyal Fetich:

Private I. A— of the Pegram battery, was remarkable for his great height, imperturbable good humor, boundless energy, cool courage, love of music and —— whisky. He was fond of playing on the violin and greatly flattered when a crowd gathered around. His next pet after his fiddle was a beautiful, white, shaggy New Foundland dog, named Cato.—Whatever turned up, Cato had to be washed and combed every day. The length of the march, the duties of the camp, the presence of the Yankees—nothing stopped the inevitable washing of poor Cato. Like a sensible fellow, Cato submitted to his ablutions with a good grace when the weather was pleasant, but on a frosty morning, no hydrophobia patient had a greater aversion to the sight of the wash-tub than he had, and he would look up pleadingly at his inexorable master. It was all in vain, the ceremony was performed.

On one occasion, A— had been successful for several days —— in getting his much loved fluid. Running the blockade at night and heavy pulls at mean whisky made him stupid during the day. The fiddle was silent, but Cato's washing went on. To break up his habit of drinking, his commanding officer kept him for some time at his head-quarters under his own eye. A— was at last released from arrest upon condition that he would promise to drink no more. After much pleading, he got the pledge modified, and promised that he would not take a dram except when he washed Cato. He said that it being now mid-winter, he would take cold unless allowed a dram during the long and tedious washing and combing of Cato.

One bitterly cold morning, A— was absent from fatigue roll-call, and his commanding officer went for him and found him very

drunk, balancing himself by a huge tub of water, in which was immersed poor Cato, half frozen to death, and begging with his great dog eyes for release from his icy tortures. The commanding officer said to him sternly,

"A— did you not promise me not to drink any more?"

A— looked up and caught his angry eye.

"I promised with a mod-i-fi-cation, (Hic.) to drink only when I wash-ed Ca-to. (Hic.) I've washed him six times this morn-morning and *he ain't clean yet!*"

J. H. H.

Now the moral that hangs by this dog's tail is suggestive.— We happen to know of some, who have got tired of their temperance pledge; and we would suggest to any such, the getting permission to take a dram, whenever he tried to wash some white Fetich dog. Then he could take not six drams a day, but seventy times seven and still not have cleansed the animal aforesaid.

Statesburg, S. C., sends an anecdote of the occupation of Columbia, by the loyal Sherman and his benevolent cohorts:

We were occupying the College Campus, at Columbia, S. C., with many others, who had been rendered houseless and homeless by the torch of the defenders of the Union. A guard of Yankee soldiers were stationed there, some of whom were disposed to notice and be friendly with my homeless children. One day, our youngest little girl, who could just toddle about, came in from the Campus and said,

"Mamma, I is sick."

"What's the matter, darling?" asked her anxious mother.

"A Yankee tissed me in de Tam-pus, and made me sick" said the little reb with intense disgust. R. W.

The soldiers of the philanthropic Sherman developed great love for the best government the world ever saw. Let us have peace.

Baltimore, Maryland, sends us the next incident:

Whilst we were lying around Manassas, previous to the Bull Run races, an order was issued by Gen. Beauregard forbidding, under the heaviest penalties, the killing of hogs, chickens, &c., at the neighboring farm-yards.— Soon after the publication of the order, the captain of one of the batteries found a nice piece of roast pig on his table for dinner. He thought of the order, he thought of the adage, "the partaker is as bad as the thief," he thought that the smell of the pig was savory, he thought that it would eat well, he *knew* that he was hungry, and he—ate the pig. As he had some twinges of conscience, however, about a supposed violation of orders, he sent out a lieutenant, *after dinner was over*, to find out who killed the pig. The murder was traced up to a Dutch hostler, who, finding escape impossible, explained:— "Vell, Ludenant, I ish dells you; de pig kooms round de hoss for de corn, de hoss kick 'em, de pig sick, de pig goin' to die, so I ish kill 'em to keep 'em from dyin'!"

When the war closed, we were

told that the South was in a starving and dying condition.—So Reconstruction struck her a mortal blow to keep her from dying! Hurra for philanthropy!

From Locust Bottom, Virginia, we give the following:

I send you an incident of the war, not for its amusing character, but as illustrating the spirit which burned in the breasts of all our people at the outbreak of the war. I was a student in a Virginia College when the first gun was fired, and our worthy President, who was a learned Doctor of Divinity, caught the general enthusiasm and resolved to buckle on his armor for the fray. Of course, we boys became "enthused" and were soon organized into a company, and as in duty bound, we selected our worthy President as our captain and commander-in-chief. You may have heard of our subsequent hardships and privations, in all of which our captain set us a noble example of patience and fortitude. But you have not heard of his first attempts at drilling. He came to this work with a mind full of metaphysics and scholastic lore, and of course, was quite verdant in military phrases and evolutions. But he was resolved to master the drill, and master it he did. Before that end was reached we had many a hearty laugh at his expense.—Well do I remember one night when I found the Reverend Doctor in the wood-room drilling four or five theological students from the adjacent Theological Seminary, by the dim light of some lamps. The learned captain wished us to "fall in," but the word would not occur to his mind. "Arrange yourselves, gentlemen, no, no, that's not the word; (pulling his goatee,) form in two ranks, gentlemen; no, wait awhile, that's not it, (a more vigorous pull at the goatee,) adjust parallel lines, gentlemen; stop, stop that's worse." Here a benevolent gentleman whispered, "fall in, squad." "That's it," cried the delighted Doctor. "FALL IN, SQUAD!"

Another occasion afforded us a good deal of sport. Our captain took us out on the Campus to initiate us in the mysteries of the "double-quick." After explaining what it was, the Doctor came to marking: "when I say 'one,' you will lift your left leg until the thigh is perpendicular to the body and keep it there till I say 'two,' when you will bring up the right leg beside it!" A benevolent gentleman suggested in a stage whisper, which reached the ears of our instructor, "that movement will require stools!" The Dr. pulled his goatee awhile, right-faced us, and marched us off. The farther consideration of "double-quick" was laid over till next afternoon.

G. T. L.

The "colored troops fought nobly." There were 169,654 in the service, and they lost as many in killed during two years as two brigades of the Confederate troops (G. B. Anderson's and Rodes') lost in killed and wounded in a single battle, that of Seven Pines. But the colored troops must have

exhibited prodigies of valor, for does not that great warrior, Gen. B. F. Butler, tell us that he saw them *at the front?* Moreover, the colored troops not only behaved admirably on the field, they also made splendid prison-guards. It is true that they sometimes shot a rebel prisoner through mistake or an excess of loyalty; but that only endeared them the more to their pious patrons. L. H. sends us, from Louisville, Kentucky, two anecdotes of "the man and brother," in the capacity of loyal soldiers of the best Government the world ever saw:

During the war, the Confederate prisoners at Rock Island were guarded by negro soldiers recruited at the South. Upon one occasion, one of these sentinels hailed a prisoner with,

Whar you is gwine?

Prisoner. To the hydrant.

Loyal negro. Whar is dat?

Prisoner. I am going to get me some water.

Loyal negro. G'lang back.—You done tole two tale about whar you'se gwine.

On another occasion, a prisoner seeing a negro sentinel with his arms folded over his gun in the rain, trying to keep himself warm, made a rush past the careless sentinel, and made his escape. The negro was so much astonished that he forgot his gun, but called hastily for the corporal of the guard: "Corporal of de ge-ard, corporal of de ge-ard, come here quick. One white man clar gone and de Lord know how many more is a comin'."

From a Kentucky source we get another edition of an oft told tale:

Bragg's army had quite a reputation for its retreating qualities, and the officers and men used to make merry over this notorious peculiarity. A gallant captain of that army was negotiating with a countryman for the purchase of a fine horse, with a bright star in his forehead. The price was agreed upon, when the countryman said: "The horse is all that I have represented him to be. He has mettle, strength and endurance, and will stand fire. But it is for you to consider whether that blaze in his forehead is not an objection. It would make a splendid target for Yankee sharpshooters." The officer replied: "That star in the forehead might make the horse dangerous in Lee's army, but in Bragg's command that end of the horse is never turned towards the Yankees!"

Ever since the loyal Congress of the nation got up that enormous whopper about the insecurity of life and property at the South, the irrepressible Fetich have been almost crazy to perpetrate something equally funny and equally false. The Fetich Chief of South Carolina has manufactured a *jeu d'esprit*, which, though infinitely short of the Washington *mensonge*, is, nevertheless, creditable to him as a humorist, and deserves a place in the Haversack. This R. K. Scott, in a recent Proclamation speaks of "*our* beloved State!!" Just to think of this Ohio carpet-bagger, elected by negroes to the position once filled by Robt. Y. Hayne and George

McDuffie, speaking of "*our* beloved State!!!" It is funnier than the old Nullifiers' rant about rebels.

EDITORIAL.

A great change has come over "the spirit of the dream" of the Democratic press. The discovery has been made that Gen. Grant is a moderate man, a conservative man, a great general, a sagacious statesman whose "silence was sublime," a true lover of his country, who will throw overboard the whole Jacobin crew, and steer the vessel of State with his own hands. The uncompromising Union editor of this monthly is not as supple as his contemporaries. He cannot throw a somersault with their grace and agility. Owing partly to those rheumatic twinges to which allusion was feelingly made on a former occasion, and partly to his military education, he can only make his "about face" according to the formula in the tactics. The right foot has to be placed behind the left, the left has to be brought square to the front, then the "face to the rear" is to be made by turning upon both heels. As it takes some time for a clumsy, rheumatic individual on the wrong side of forty to complete the movement, he ought not to be expected to see all these graces in the President elect until he has entirely faced about.—Having only made the "first motions," the uncompromising Union editor can only see the first of the above named qualifications. He sees and frankly admits that the last President the United States is ever to have, is a "moderate man," a very *moderate* man indeed!

Thug Songs.—The Hon. Schuyler Colfax is very indignant that loyal songs can be sung among the Thugs of India, but cannot be sung in the States lately in rebellion. Now there is a reason for this difference, which does not seem to have occurred to this distinguished statesman. The orthodox loyal song is in eulogy of a noted horse-thief and murderer, named John Brown, and tells how his "soul is marching on." Now as a song in praise of such a gallows-bird is a regular Thug song, it is not strange that the Thugs do not object to it. Nor is it at all surprising that the refined and Christian people of the South do not like this Thug song. Let the Thugs of the loyal North sing it as much as they please, and on the Lord's day, and in churches dedicated to His service. The Thugs of India will not go that far: they would not consider this loyal hymn suitable for their temples on their sacred days.

But we think that the eminent statesman exaggerates the danger attending the singing of "Old

John Brown." The honorable gentleman might turn singing-master, and go all over the rebel South with the loyal song in his mouth. He would have, too, a quiet, orderly, and appreciative audience every where, especially if he put on parti-colored clothes and traveled around with John Robinson's Circus. The negroes and loyal Fetich, who are the chief patrons of the Robinson aforesaid, would be delighted to see him, and would swell the chorus with their euphonious voices.

The elections prove that the loyal North has repented of Southern sins with increased satisfaction. With augmented devoutness, the loyal preachers have dwelt upon Southern atrocities and the lamb-like qualities of their own flocks. How pleasant it must be for those holy pastors to have sinless flocks, and how gracious must be the unction with which they mourn over the crimes of rebels! How thankful we ought to be that the godly section of this great, glorious and happy nation did not let the wicked section of "the Union slide," because that wicked section had certain stores of cotton, rice, tobacco, sugar, tar, pitch, turpentine, hemp, &c., which the godly section, aforesaid, could not do without. All honor to cotton, rice, tobacco and sugar, which made the Union precious in the eyes of the loyal North! All honor to the Irish and German patriots, who saved the life of the nation!

The Dear Old Flag.—On the 28th Nov., 1868, the uncompromising Union editor of this periodical, had a conversation with Sergeant Bates, who carried the dear old flag from Vicksburg to Washington. He mentioned that he was treated every where with respect until he got to the Capital of the Nation, and there he met his first rebuff. In the Western Reserve of Ohio, the loyalest portion of the loyal North, he was threatened with a stout rope and short shrift. In many places, the attempt was made to bribe him. It was considered all important to keep up the hate by atrocious falsehoods in regard to the temper of the South. The march of the Sergeant was a practical demonstration of the wickedness of these slanders. Hence it was important to buy him off, or bribe him to silence. But he was too brave, honest and true to be in the market.

The Sergeant told an anecdote of an eminent personage in North Carolina, who was distinguished for thirty years by his zealous, pro-slavery sentiments, who was celebrated for two months by his "unalterable opposition to negro suffrage," and who is immortalized by his *conscientious* advocacy, for two whole years, of negro equality in all its fragrancy. "I was approached," said the Sergeant, "at Greensboro', N. C., by Col. Keyo, of — Wisconsin regiment, who told me that he was authorized by Gov. Holden to offer me ten thousand dollars in hand, if I would furl my flag and go quietly home. I replied to Col. Keyo that I was not for sale."

The dear old flag:
Fold it up tenderly!

We wish that we could wrap, the loyal Fetich in its graceful folds!

GETTING HOME.—We were promised great things when we reached the paternal mansion, and we have got there. A swarm of carpet-baggers, as troublesome and as noxious as the flies in Egypt, have spread all over the land. They and the old negro-traders and nullifiers have taken possession of the State Governments and levy taxes upon every thing in the shape of property, so that the dividends from thievery may be comforting to the loyal soul. Two more years of such "life at home" and the church mouse will be fat in comparison with the condition of the honest men in the reconstructed States. The loyal Fetich, the carpet-baggers, the tories, the renegades, the old nullifiers now in the Fetich fold—all the thieves in the land will be sleek and fat. All the men of honorable principle will be exhausted through the depletion of the loyal rogues.

Mississippi did not "get home," and Mississippi is to-day in an infinitely better condition than the States which did get home.—The Yankee adventurer and the Southern thief kept away from Mississippi, because no offices of plunder and profit could be got by duping the poor negroes. The consequence has been that the negroes have gone quietly to work and made a fair crop. Many of them are now able to buy a little homestead and the long-coveted mule. When Mississippi defeated the Constitution, her condition was worse than that of any other Southern State. The first year after the surrender she had exhausted all her means. The second year she had exhausted her credit. The third year found her almost despairing and ready to give over all efforts to restore her fallen fortunes. The defeat of the Constitution inspired new hope and infused new energy. The Yankee knave took his carpet-bag to a more congenial region. The Southern rogue kept quiet, biding his time, waiting till Grant's election should give loyal thieves a good opening. Left to themselves, the negroes became quiet, orderly and in some degree industrious.—Alabama would be just as prosperous, but for the mean trick, which forced her "home," spite of herself.

Virginia, Mississippi and Texas have been singularly blessed.—The swarm of hungry flies found no resting place in their borders. The other States, being "at home," must expect the *house*-fly and to be stung, bit and bled profusely thereby. But the products of the South being of such vast importance to the loyal North, it would be well to devise some scheme by which the crop could be made a certainty. This is easily done. Keep the carpet-bagger out and the Southern Fetich will be quiet. Agitation will stop at once. Work will go briskly on, and peace will come with healing on its wings. But as Congress, by its Reconstruction measures, brought out and developed the carpet-bagger and the

Fetich, it would be but fair and honorable to pay each of them for a year double what he could make at his own calling at home. Pension them all off in that way for a year and let them go in peace. A very simple calculation would show that the Government would be immensely the gainer by it. Scott, the Fetich Governor of South Carolina could probably earn 25 cents a day at his own profession. Allow him 50 cents per day for a year, i. e., $182,50. Warmoth could possibly make 20 cents. Let him have 40 cents per day or $146 in one lump, as salary for the year. Reed, the Fetich chief of Florida, should be allowed the same with release from impeachment so that he may go back to loyal Wisconsin as rapidly as possible. The rabble of Leavenworth, Kansas, are mourning over the absence of Clayton, Fetich Chief of Arkansas. Let him have $109,50 and go back to those weeping ones.—Prosser, Fetich leader in Tennessee, should be given 20 cents a day. Abbott, of North Carolina, 10 cents, Tourgee, of North Carolina, 5 cents, and Deweese 3 cents.

Now there is no doubt that these men should all be paid their quit-fee in an honorable manner, regardless of expense. But we think that the expense would not be so great as might be imagined. The carpet-bag army does not exceed 70,000. The loyal Fetich of Southern birth may be put down at 30,000. Here, then, are 100,000 hungry souls to be fed and we agree to give them for one year double what they could earn, upon the sole condition that they interfere no more with the labor system of the South. Now suppose that the average earning of these men is 15 cents at their lawful avocations, the Government would then have to pay each individual $109,50 per annum, or in all $10,950,000. A heavy outlay, it must be admitted, but the Government would make an excellent bargain. The increased production of tobacco and sugar alone would cover the expense, and there would be at least 2,000,000 more bales of cotton raised if the carpet-baggers and thieves were removed. This would increase the exports of this country $190,000,000, estimating the bale of cotton to be worth $95.

If General Grant is the sagacious statesman that Democratic papers have lately discovered him to be, he will see the importance of pensioning off the carpet-baggers and the loyal Fetich. It may be that he would consider 30 cents a day as an exorbitant allowance. In that case, we would accept his amendment without a murmur.

Rebel Atrocities.—The cruelties of Andersonville, and even of Elmira, Fort Delaware and Johnson's Island, are nothing in comparison with the bogus telegrams in regard to the critical condition of Beast Butler and the loyal Brownlow. We can scarcely conceive of greater wickedness than thus to excite pleasing hopes, which are destined to be disappointed.

Incomplete Proof.—A gentleman of Memphis, Tennessee, has pub-

lished a very interesting and readable pamphlet, to show that Abraham Lincoln is the Gog predicted by Ezekiel. The points of resemblance between these eminent personages are sufficiently striking, and the author has handled the subject with skill and ingenuity. But, to our mind, the demonstration is not satisfactory. The learned commentator fails to prove that Gog was fond of obscene anecdotes. While, therefore, we readily grant that the pamphlet evinces patient research and logical acumen, we are constrained to regard the proof of identity to be incomplete.

To Delinquents.—We will begin in our March number the publication of the names of delinquents who have given no satisfactory reason for their delinquency.—This is due to the public as well as to ourselves.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE HISTORY OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST OF ENGLAND. By E. A. Freeman, M. A. The Clarendon Press. Oxford: 1868:

This, the second volume of a trustworthy, lucid, and vigorous History of "The Conquest," deals chiefly with the reign of Edward "The Confessor." The condition of the kingdom during his early years, the peculiar relations existing between Edward and his mother,—Danish affairs, and Continental affairs,—the arrogance, and overshadowing influence of "Earl Godwin,—William the Norman's visit to England, and the death of Godwin,—Harold's soldiership, and ecclesiastical administration, the Welsh war, the revolt of Northumberland, and lastly, the closing days of the feeble "Confessor," are the themes presented, and elaborated with a philosopher's insight, and a scholar's careful detail.

In this period is included "the first stage of the actual struggle between Normans and Englishmen," when, as yet it was not an open warfare, but a Political contest within the kingdom of England.

Mr. Freeman's third volume will be devoted to the single year, 1066, the fourth volume will be occupied with William's reign in England, while the fifth treats of the momentous consequences, social, political, and religious, of the victory of Hastings!

"Thus"—as an English *Quarterly* remarks, "Mr. Freeman's work has a title to a high and permanent rank in our libraries, or at least gives promise, that when complete, it will possess this title."

RURAL POEMS, By Wm. Barnes, Boston, Roberts Brothers, &c.

This little volume of exquisite typography and tasteful illustra-

tions, is the re-print of a very popular English book.

Many of the acknowledged critical authorities of Great Britain have spoken loudly, and emphatically, in its praise. Even the fastidious "Saturday Review" declares, that "within his own range, Mr. Barnes is one of the most faultless of English Poets."

Of course we commenced the perusal of a work so heralded with vivid anticipations of pleasure.

To our surprise, we found the lavish commendation of the critics falsified to a degree which is absolutely ludicrous.

Eighty-six brief poems, upon every variety of rural topic, make up the contents of the work, and of these, there are perhaps about a *dozen* pieces which deserve to be called *Poems* at all!

The contrast between the writer's labored artificiality of style, and the humble nature of his themes, is remarkable. Often, when he desires to be *quaint*, he is merely *affected*, and his simplicity has thrown the baldness of those "Lyrical Ballads" which Jeffrey ridiculed, and Horace Smith parodied, completely into the shade!

Take the dialogue, (one of many such,) entitled "The Sister and Brothers," as an example. Joe, Tom, Bill, and Sister are the interlocutors.

Joe begins:

"Come out to see the glow-worms,do!"

Sister:

"O! no, the grass is wet with dew,
And I have put on slippers new,
Here's Tom!"

Tom:

"John Hines is by the garden-wall,
And playing on his Clarinet."

Sister:

"How I am teased among you all!
I *s'pose* you'll have me out a bit."

A third of the volume is occupied by such "bald, disjointed chat" as this.

Were we to dwell, in detail, upon Mr. Barnes' transparent verbal trickeries, his clumsy mannerisms, and ineffective *legerdemain* with metre rhythm, we should exhaust our space and the reader's patience.

We cannot forbear, however, noting such foolish strivings after originality of expression as the following. The lines quoted are taken from different poems (!!) and are employed as a kind of refrain:

"Face upon face, and smile on smile!"
"Moon upon moon, and year by year!"
"Face upon face, and *look by look!*"
"Strain upon strain, and fall on fall!"

and so on *ad infinitum!*

As we hinted above, Wordsworth's most infantile words have been *caricatured* by this *versifier*, whom the magnates of critical opinion, in Edinburgh and London, persist in styling a Poet.

A company of young girls having been surpised by a Farmer playing in his woods, we are treated to such stuff as,

"They plied their tongues in merry noise,
Tho' little did they seem to fear
So queer a stranger might be near,
Teeh hee! look here! Hah, ha! look there!
And so playsome, O! so fair!"

And the two remaining stanzas end with,

"*Hee, he, oh, oh, ohh, oh, look there!* &c."

For *babies* of six or eight months old, perhaps, such compositions might be considered suitable. To offer them seriously to an adult Public, appears to us a memorable

example of mingled inconsistency and impertinence!

Mr. Barnes is only the more reprehensible, because some of his pieces show that he is capable of better things.

"*Plorata Veris Lachrymis*"

Is sweet, tender, and graceful, and some of his songs display true lyrical feeling.

But the sentence which attempts to elevate him to the position of a genuine, noble, unaffected poet of Nature, is, beyond measure, ridiculous!

No respect for authority can make us subscribe to *dicta* like these.

Indeed, so far as *poetry* is concerned, both complex and simple, it would really seem as if the Critics had "lost their heads!" Assuredly we are justified in *such* a conclusion, when we find Freilingarth (the German Goëthe of the day,) translating Walt Whitman, and "the Athenæum," "Spectator," and "Sat. Review," praising Wm. Barnes as the sweetest of idylic writers, and an artist *ad unguem!*

BULWER'S PROSE MISCELLANIES.

Harper & Bros., two volumes.

Whether Lord Bulwer Lytton is a man of genius, or only a man of brilliant talents and versatile accomplishments, is a question which may remain long unsettled. But that his Works are for the most part, genuine works of *art*,—that he is suggestive, learned, witty, with a style which is, at will, gorgeously rhetorical, or closely analytical,—that his inventive powers are fine, and his knowledge of mankind consummate, no unprejudiced mind will deny.

Moreover, we think it may be said of Bulwer that he has made the most exquisite use of all his faculties.

His intellectual progress has been steadily upward.

Judge him as a Novelist.

He began with "Pelham," an amusing, sprightly, artificial tale, skimming the surfaces of Society, and full of a cleverness rather *French* than *English* in its tone.

Thence, by regular gradations, the author rose through performances, each more or less admirable in its way, to the serene beauty and simplicity of "THE CAXTONS," a story of domestic life, unrivaled in sweetness and picturesque grace since the days of Goldsmith.

"*My Novel*," and "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT," confirmed the impression which "The Caxtons" had produced, and would *alone* be sufficient to place their author among the foremost of British writers of fiction.

The "Miscellanies" before us, embrace criticisms and essays, written in different periods of life, from early youth to the commencement of old age. They discuss a large variety of topics; and exhibit an acquaintance with books and men, which it has been given to few to compass.

It is not easy to select from such a mass of intellectual wealth what may be viewed as of *special* value. Still, we may designate the papers upon "Sir Thomas Brown," "Goldsmith," and "Lamb" in pure literature, and

upon "Pitt and Fox," in politics, as fairly representing the writer's critical acumen on the one hand, and his historical philosophy and knowledge on the other.

More charming than any of these, however, are the series of half-philosophical treatises, under the title of "Conversations with an Ambitious Student."

The undefined yearnings of youthful ambition and fancy, the mystery of life, and the *greater* mystery of death, are herein discussed, and illustrated with a lavish outflow of knowledge and sincerity of soul, which, to any sympathetic reader, must prove truly delightful.

In a word, these two volumes of "MISCELLANIES" are a substantial contribution to the best, and healthiest Literature of the time. They are polished without affectation, and learned without the slightest taint of pedantry.

As indices, besides, of steps in the regular, uninterrupted progress upward of a wonderfully gifted intelligence, they deserve far more than ordinary study.

THE NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES, By Henry W. Longfellow. Boston. Ticknor and Fields.

Mr. Longfellow's genius is lyrical, descriptive, sentimental, the genius of fancy and reflection—anything in fine, BUT the genius of the Drama. It is astonishing that he himself has not been made long ago to recognize these facts.

Perhaps the reason of his lack of mental and artistic self-knowledge, may be found in the unvarying adulation of home critics—most of them personal friends—who, with little intermission, and for a quarter of a century, have poured into Mr. Longfellow's ears only the strains of unadulterated praise.

It would really seem as if they had succeeded in making the New England Poet regard himself as a species of universal genius! Forsaking those specialities, wherein he is almost perfect, he devoted years of labor to the translation of Danté, producing a work at once the coldest and most *technically* correct in literature.

The stern, sombre, passionate power of the old Florentine, the gloom and grandeur of his tremendous imaginations, Longfellow could not re-produce in their essential force and spirit; therefore, his translation sinks to mere minuteness of detail, and the flat level of philological accuracy.

Again, in these *Tragedies*, he has striven to accomplish that which the Gods never designed he should attempt.

"John Endicott" is a feeble phantasmal, colorless drama, a production equally destitute of an exciting plot, and of graphic characterization.

Its personages move before us, as it were, in a thin, sickly mist, the shadows, not the substance of humanity.

The heroine, a beautiful and pious Quaker maiden, for some slight offence against the absurd laws of the period, is condemned to be *publicly whipped!*

Such a sentence, and the complications of passion, and feeling resulting from it, might have been made singularly effective, but all

the capabilities of the situation are ignored; even in the case of the girl's Lover, (Gov. Endicott's son,) there is nothing which lifts his pleadings in behalf of the unfortunate victim up to the height of a genuine tragic *verve*.

The *denouement* of the Play is hurried and inconsequent. Upon a scene of confusion, not a single figure of which has impressed itself upon the reader's memory, the drop-curtain falls, leaving a general impression of dissatisfaction and disgust!

"Giles Corey" is an abler and more suggestive performance than "John Endicott."

And yet, it proves more clearly, if that were possible, the author's *dramatic* weakness. The subject refers to the famous Witchcraft madness of the Colonists at Salem, Massachusetts.

The terrible, the supernatural, the *bizarre*, all those intellectual and spiritual agents of the subtlest artistic results are herein offered for presentation and analysis,—but how does the author manage them? Does he surround us with an atmosphere, weird, thrilling, abnormal?—does he paint the hellish delusion which mastered the People, so that we can feel and appreciate its serpent-like fascination?—does he in his portrayal of character, raise those emotions of "pity and fear," which from the time of Aristotle, have been justly considered the chief ends of all legitimate Tragedy? Nothing of the kind! Why, even his hero, *Corey*, a character, as one may declare, ready made to his hands, who only needed a truthful presentation in the massive weight, the rugged saliency of his fine personality, dwindles into the commonplace, so that the work is only redeemed from the utter bathos of "John Endicott," by the occurrence, here and there, of isolated passages of insight and poetic meaning.

The Reviewers, English and American, have good-naturedly endeavored to salve over the inanity of these "New England Tragedies," but they have only demonstrated their own gentle complaisance, at the expense of palpable truth and justice!

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM, A LOVE STORY, By Miss Muloch: Harper & Bro., N. Y.

There are some very rare authors who, without being egotistical, or even, to any notable extent, subjective, are yet always able to interest us largely in their own character and individuality.

While admiring the *genius* of such, we revere the loftiness and purity of the *morale* which shines through, and sanctifies the genius. Among writers of this class, Miss Muloch, (or Mrs. Craik, for she has recently married,) stands, in our opinion, preëminent. Her Tales, viewed as graphic, comprehensive, genuine pictures of Life, in not a few of its most interesting and important phases, are worth, for instruction and counsel, an Alexandrian library of ordinary sermons! A certain indescribable, but touching pathos, as of one who had thought deeply upon solemn problems, and suffered deeply, but had been exalted by the thought and purified through the suffering—surrounds and interpenetrates her best works like a serene spiritual atmosphere!

She has not Charlotte Bronté's passionate intensity of temperament, her sombre imagination, nor what may be called fiery *emphasis* of mind, but her knowledge and views of human nature are

far broader, juster, more Catholic, her philosophy sounder and higher, her faith more stable, whilst her firm, well-drawn characters, if less exceptionally striking than the Rochesters, and Monsieur Paul Emanuels of Miss Brontë, are truer as representations of that general Humanity, upon which, after all, the artist must fall back for the originals of those portraitures that are essentially vital and lasting!

As a writer, Miss Brontë lacks softness, suppleness, feminine grace, but these are some of Miss Muloch's chief characteristics: she conquers and subdues by the very force of her *perfect womanliness*.

"The Woman's Kingdom" will demonstrate this last assertion in a peculiar degree. As to plot and construction, it is almost as simple as "The Vicar of Wakefield." There are no surprises, unless the sudden marriage of Letty Kenderdine be considered a surprise—no ingenious involutions of Circumstance and melodramatic *posés*—but the psychological power of the story is wonderful, the mastery of obscure human motives, the entire spiritual analysis, in fact, indicated swiftly and keenly beneath the surfaces of the action—all this invests a novel of rather commonplace details, with an interest vastly beyond the interest of mere curiosity.

A straightforward, unaffected, wholesome, production, is "The Woman's Kingdom" in every respect. The author's favorite theme, the dignity and emancipating genius of *true Love*, was never more signally vindicated!

And the picture towards the end, of the perfectly re-united family, with its characters so diverse, and yet so engaging, is among the sweetest, the most impressive pictures in modern fiction.

What middle-aged gentleman whose childhood placed him within reach of a Book Stall, or circulating library, can forget the absorbing interest of those dashing Irish novels, "Charles O'Malley," and "Harry Lorrequer?"

And who recalling the broad humor, the rollicking animal spirits, the elaborate, but effective farce of those once-famous tales,—would be able to recognize their author in the sober, modulated, conventional tone of "*the Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly?*" Not that this last work is inferior; on the contrary, it is artistically and morally, worth a hundred "Charley O'Malleys," but the utter change which it displays in the writer's mind and temperament is what surprises us!

The lively, somewhat uproarious Irishman who sympathized with every kind of Harlequin, and seemed ready to enact Harlequin himself,—now appeals to us rather as the Philosopher, the searcher after the deep things of the heart, one whom Life has steadied, and somewhat saddened, but whose stores of information and experiences as moulded into the characters of the present agreeable tale, are well deserving of our notice!

Evidently, Mr. Lever's genius, like good wholesome wine, improves with age. He is a humorist still, but his humor never explodes in *guffaws*; he can invent a striking situation without calling upon coarse farce or clumsy Melodrama to aid him,—and briefly, without being an exceptionally brilliant and original, he is always a pleasant and entertaining, sometimes, an instructive writer.

"THE BRAMLEIGHS" bears the imprint of Harper & Bros.; it belongs to their excellent series of "Select Novels."

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AS an endeavor to solve the problem—doubly hard in these days—how to live, and with the trust that such endeavor may prove agreeable to the reading public, I design the publication of a volume of prose stories and poems. In order to do so, it is necessary that a sum requisite for the expense of publication be procured, and I take this method of requesting all who may wish a copy of the book, to deposit by the 1st March, 1869, the sum of one dollar and fifty cents with the agent of THE LAND WE LOVE most easy of access.

In case a sufficient amount is obtained by this date, the publication will be at once begun and the volume issued as soon as possible. Otherwise, the subscription money will be refunded.

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With the hope that this enterprise will meet a cordial appreciation and ready response, I am,

Very respectfully,

Charlotte, Oct. 1868. FANNY DOWNING.

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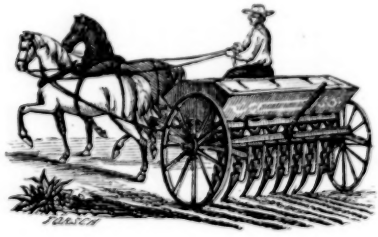

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